THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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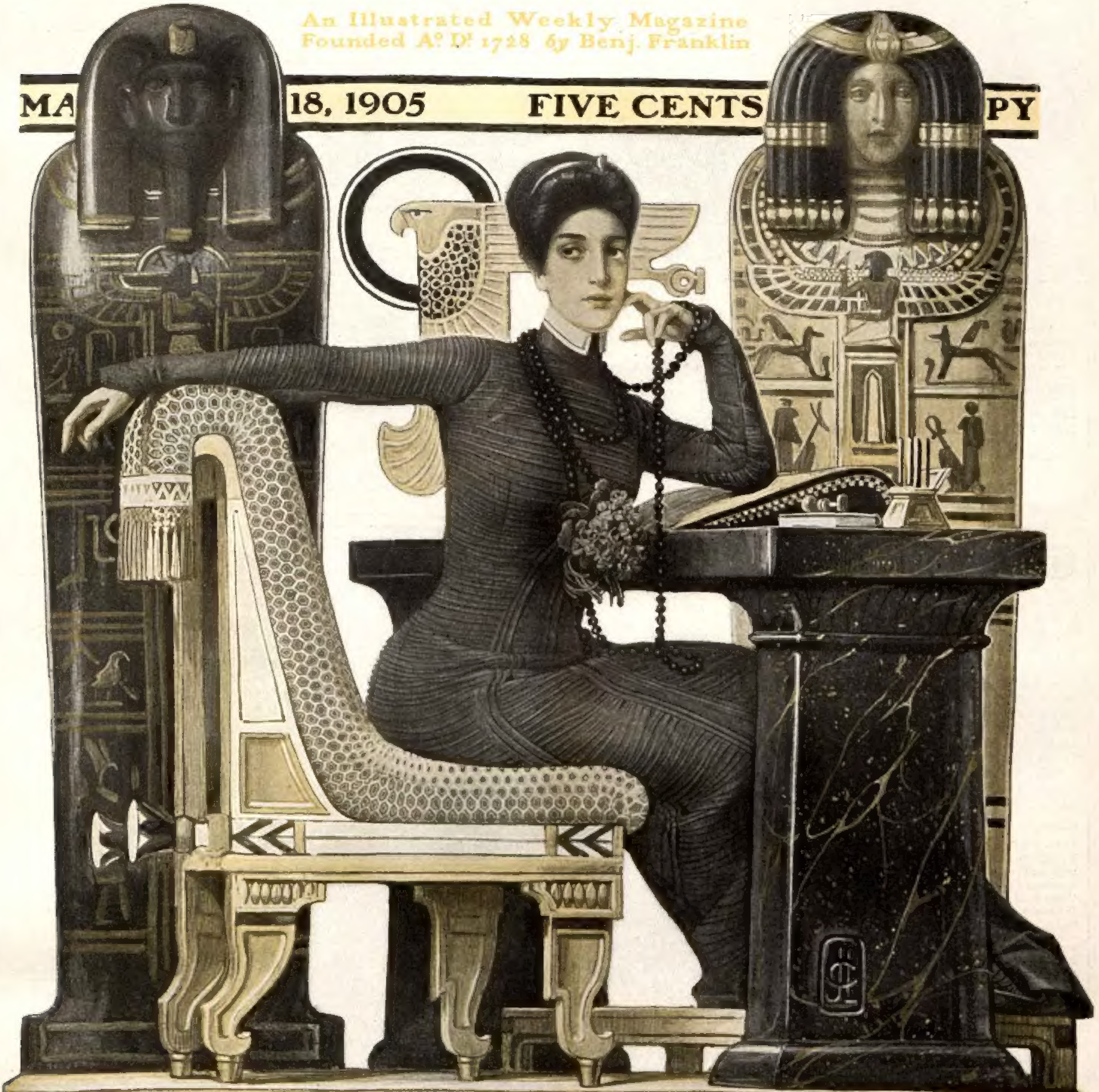
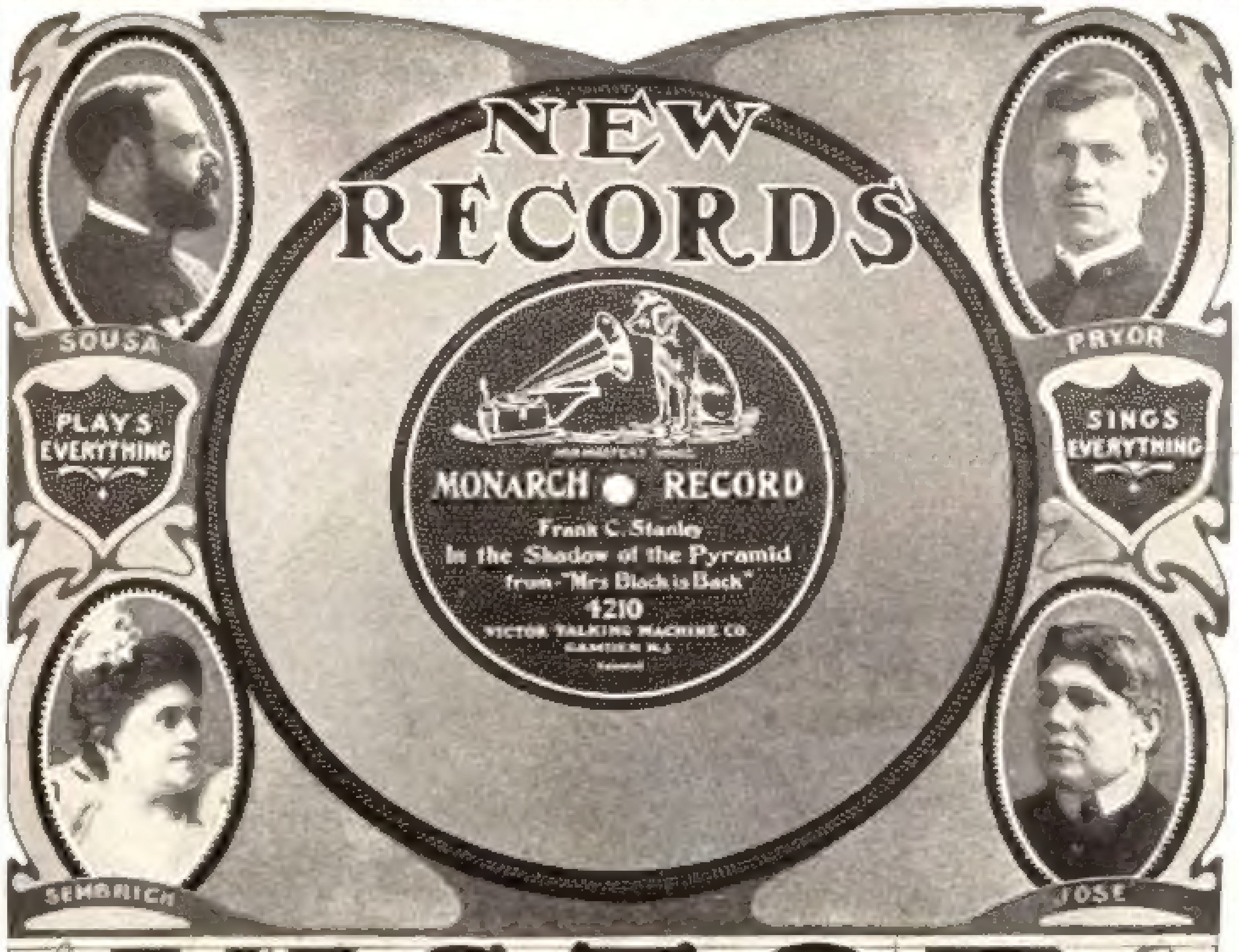


DRAWN BY J. C. LEYENDECKER

THE SWASTIKA—By Robert W. Chambers

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA



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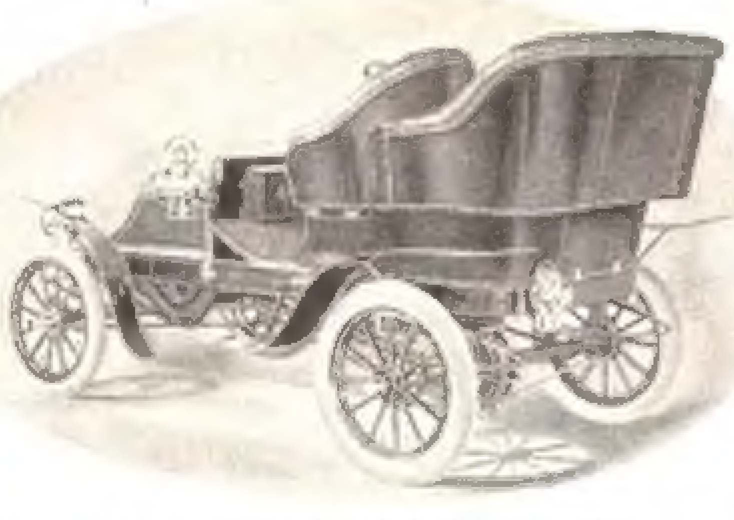

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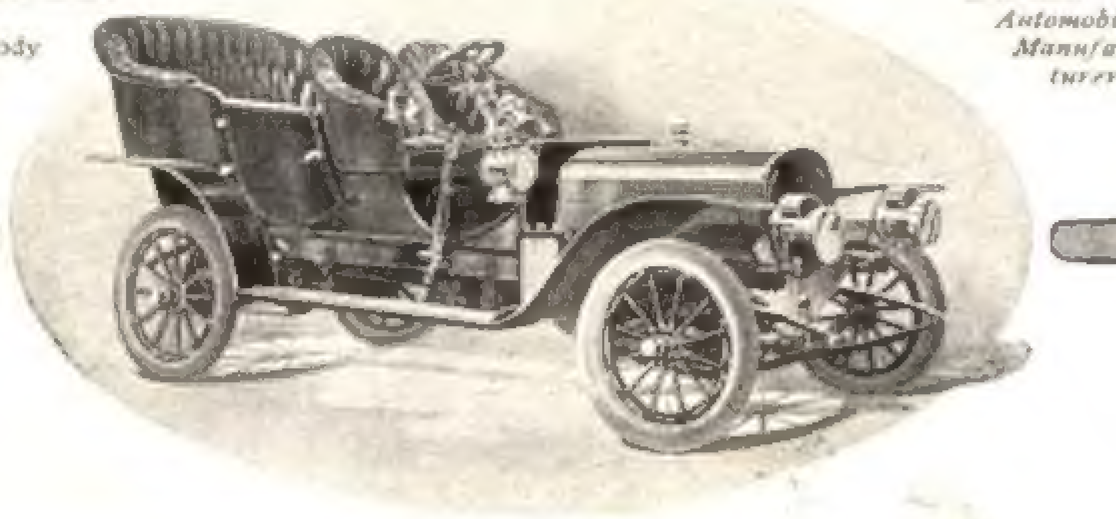

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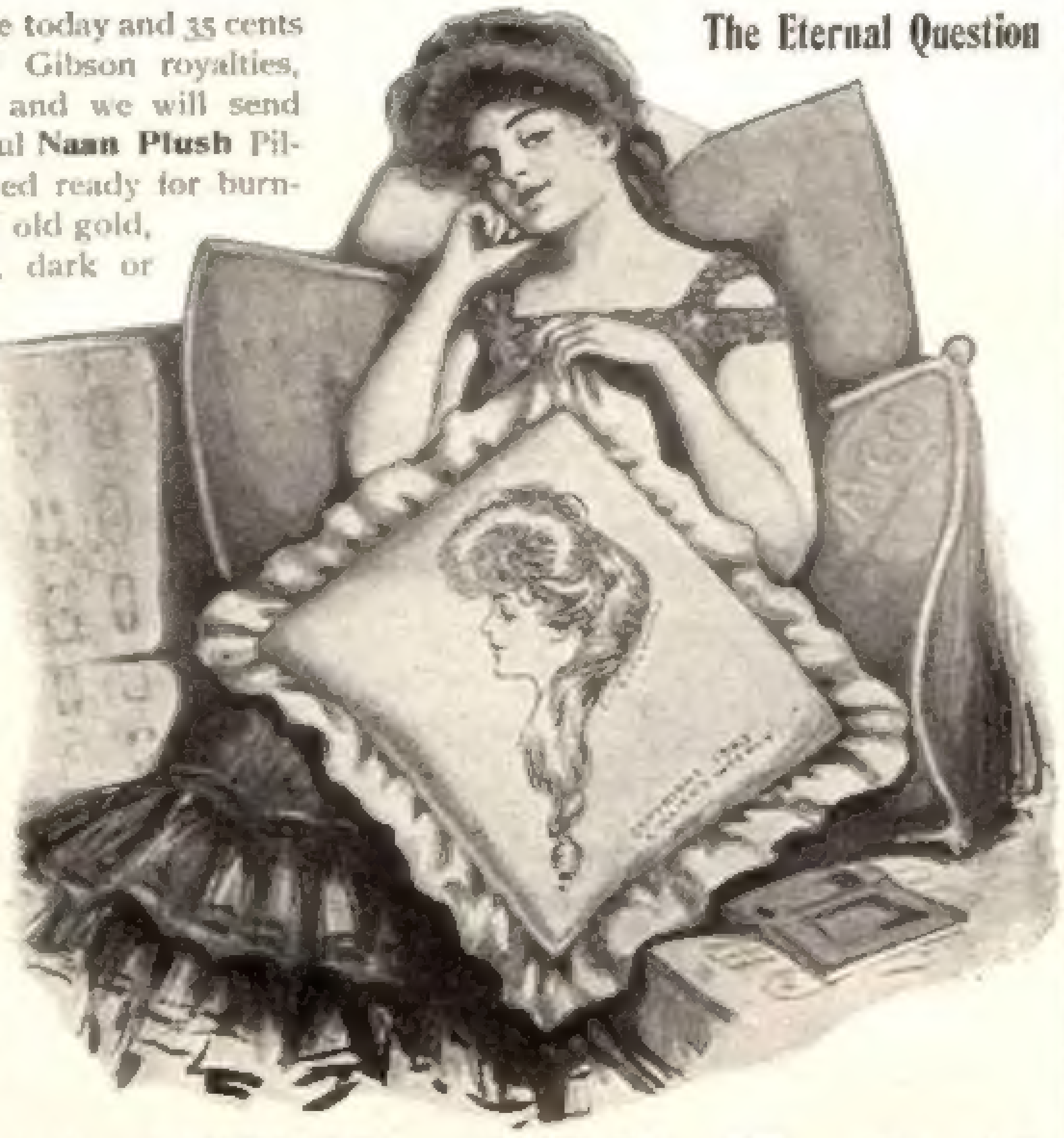

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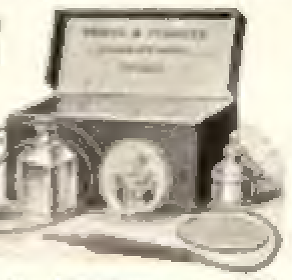

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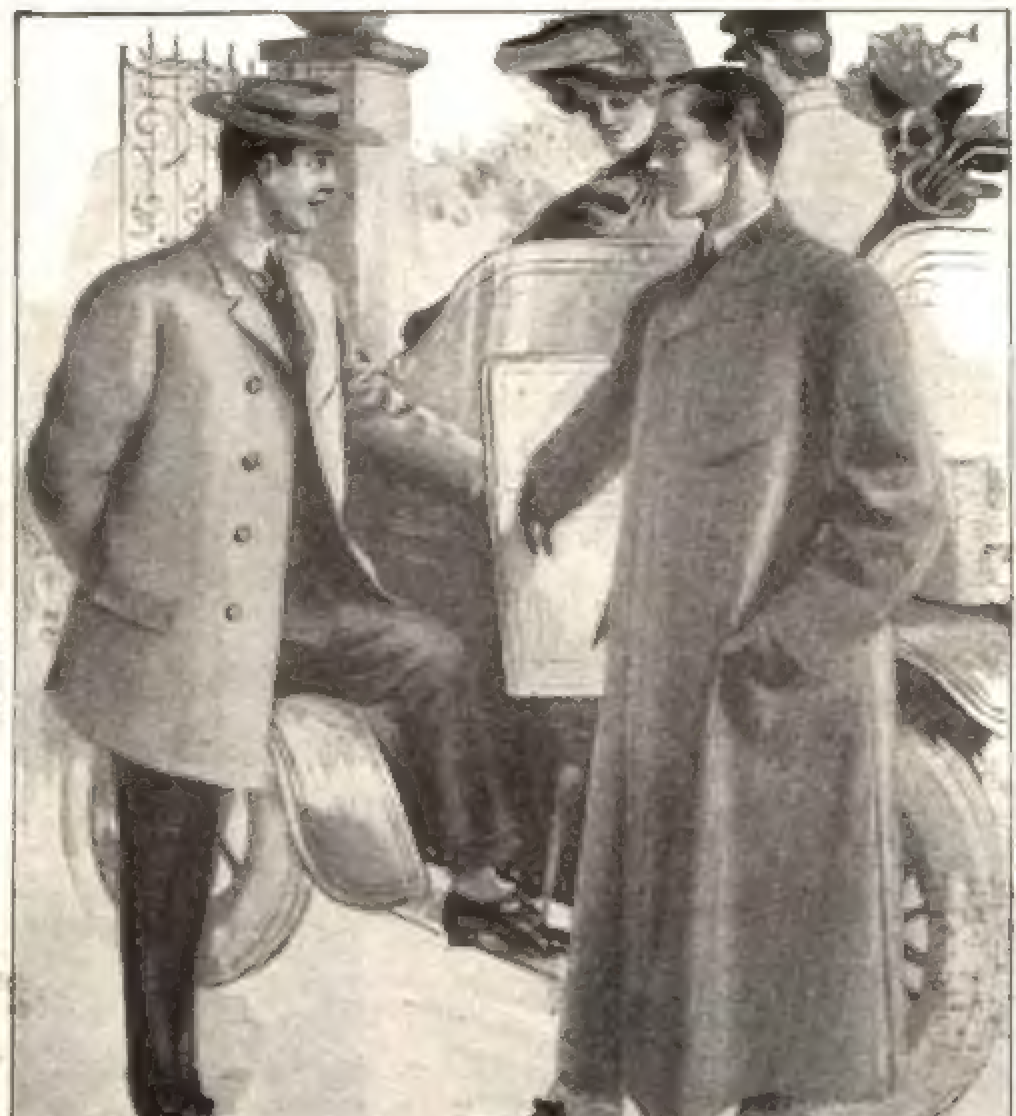

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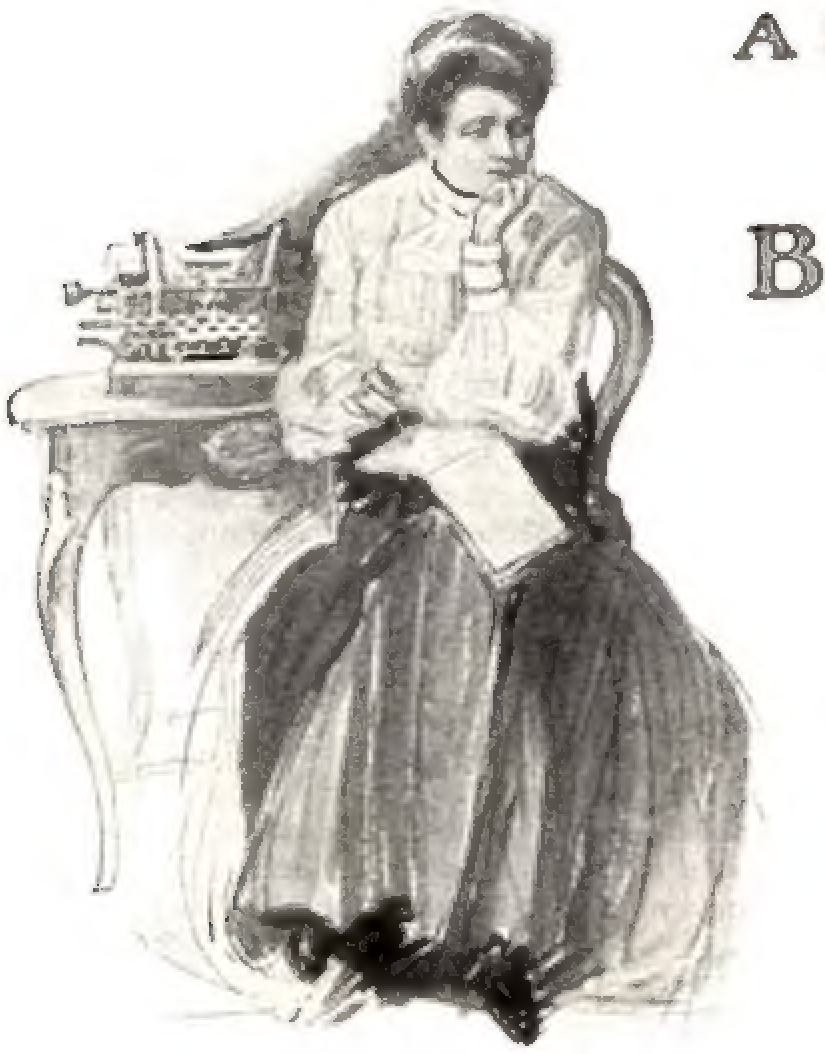
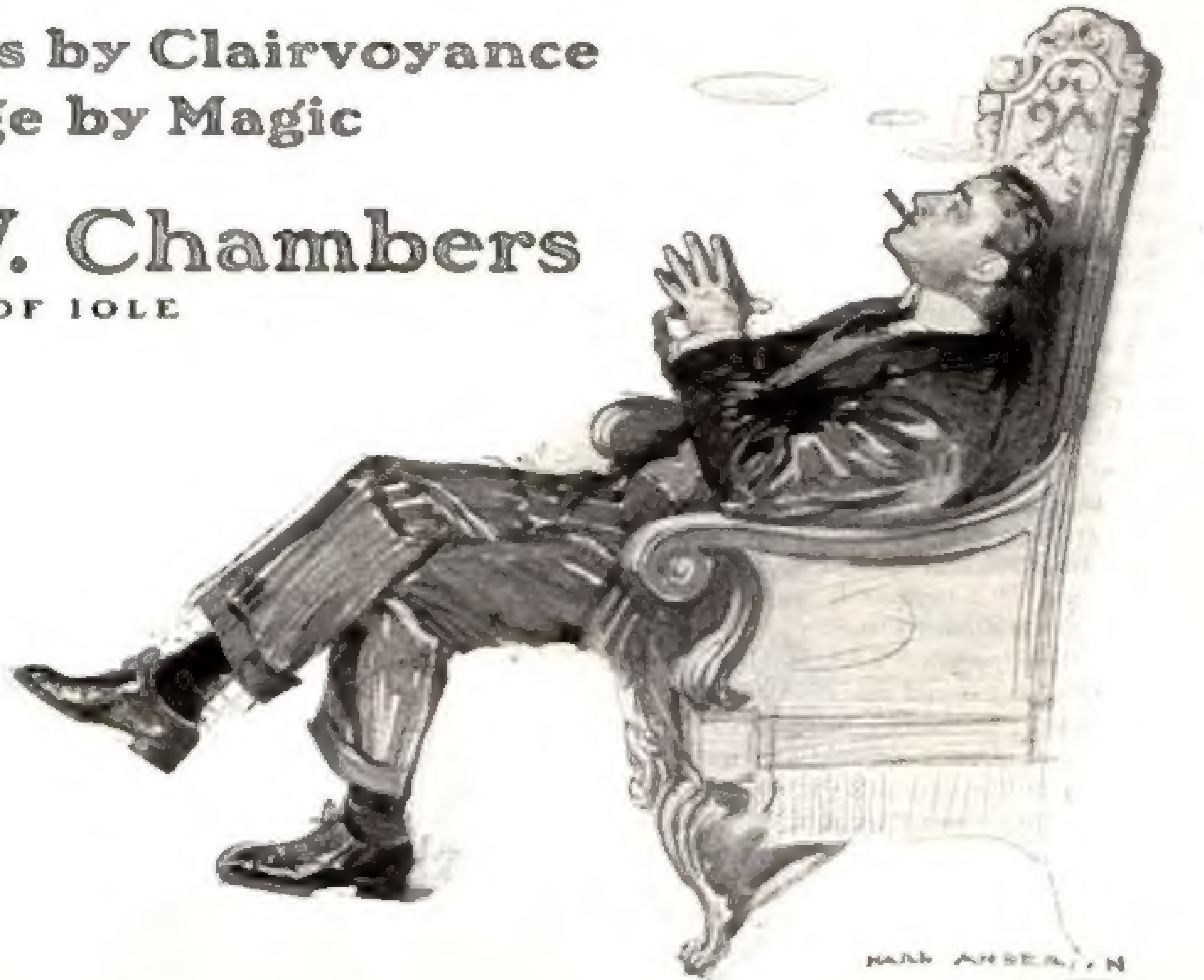
THE SWASTIKA

A Story of Business by Clairvoyance and Marriage by Magic

By Robert W. Chambers

AUTHOR OF IOLE





THIS is rather a curious story—not nearly as artistic as if it were fiction. Fact seldom is artistic.

One thing is certain: Hildreth had never before heard of a swastika; he had heard of Judge Grey, of the Mixed Tribunal, and he knew that the Sarna came from that magistrate as a wedding gift to his father; but he never for one moment connected anything that ever happened in the Orient with his stenographer and private secretary. Nor did he suspect—but this story is running away from me backward.

Reclining in his uncle's emblazoned armchair, the tips of his fingers joined, young Hildreth gazed meditatively at the ceiling through the drifting haze of his cigar. On the ceiling several delicately tinted Cupids were attempting to asphyxiate one another with piles of roses. The room and its furniture also were gayly ornamental after the style popularly imputed to Louis XIV, that monarch being in no condition to deny the accusation. There was a view through one door into a rococo library, through another into a breakfast-room, and through the windows into a snowstorm at Thirtieth Street and Fifth Avenue. However, the ensemble did not appear illogical if you turned your back to the window; besides, there was the stenographer to look at. But Hildreth was gazing fixedly at the ceiling through the stratified mist from his cigar.

The youthful stenographer, dimpled chin on hand, drummed softly with her pencil-tip and watched him sidewise out of two very beautiful eyes. Her cuffs were as immaculate as her cool, white skin; her head, with its thick, bright hair, harmonized with other pretty things; and I do not think that Louis XIV would have repudiated her, at any rate.

Hildreth blew ring after ring of smoke at the ceiling, passing his hand, at intervals, through his hair, which was rather short and inclined to curl.

"Miss Grey," he said, "can't you think of anything else that rhymes with 'tin'?"

"Gin, din, thin," suggested the stenographer, referring to a rhyming dictionary.

"We've used 'din' and 'thin' already in the second verse; don't you remember? And we can't use 'gin' in any combination whatever; I've tried it. Isn't there anything else you can think of?"

"Sin?" she inquired demurely.

"'Sin,'" he repeated. "'Sin' sounds interesting. We need something to flavor the poem. Do you believe that you and I could make any proper use of 'sin'?"

She appeared doubtful.

"Let us see, anyway. Read what you've taken," he said, composing himself to listen to his own lines with the modest resignation of the true poet.

And the girl sorted her notes and read softly:

Behold them packed so snug within
Their air-tight box of shining tin—
Hildreth's Honey Wafers!

Ready for breakfast, lunch or din-
Ner; crisp and fresh and sweet and thin—
Hildreth's Honey Wafers!

She raised her blue eyes, looking at him inquiringly over the penciled sheets of manuscript.

"There ought to be another verse," he mused. "Don't you think so?"

"I think two verses of this kind are sufficient, Mr. Hildreth."

"You are mistaken; the poem is still incomplete. The first verse, you see, is an impression—a sort of word-picture of the tin box—a kind of prologue to prepare people for what is inside the box in the second verse. In the second I explain that Hildreth's Honey Wafers are all ready to eat, and I excite people's appetites. Now, the third verse must gratify them. Don't you see?"

"Is it not good advertising to break off abruptly and leave the public hungry?"

"No; that's only good literature; but in advertising you must not leave your public discontented. People like to look at pictures of other people who are enjoying something to repletion—pitching into a generous trough of breakfast food, or pausing to savor the delicious after-effects of a nerve tonic. Besides," he added moodily, puffing his cigar, "my uncle requires three verses, and that settles it. What was that rhyme you suggested?"

"I—I ventured to suggest 'sin.'"

"'Sin,'" he repeated thoughtfully, pinching his chin and staring at the snowy roofs across Thirtieth Street. "Well, how would this do for the third verse?

They invigorate the hair and clear the skin,
And promote happiness in this world of sin—
Hildreth's Honey Wa——"

"But you have the metre all wrong again," she expostulated. "You never pay any attention to the metre."

"Oh, you can fix that as you fixed the other verses."

"Besides, is it really true that Hildreth's Honey Wafers do all those things?"

He began an elaborate argument to prove that falling hair and poor complexion were caused by improper nourishment, and that the wafers were proper nourishment; but presently his voice dwindled to a grumble. He relighted his cigar, looking at her askance.

"We might say," he resumed, "using poetic license:

Into this world of crime and sin
Like an angel above was wafted the box of tin;
Hildreth's Ho——"

She shook her head.

"Why not?" he asked.

"You can't compare a tin box to an angel above—and you can't waft a tin box, you know——"

"Yes, I can. Poets' license——"

"That is one of the troubles with your verses, Mr. Hildreth—there is so much license and so little—so—little——"

"You are rather rough on me," he said, coloring up.

"I don't mean to be; I only try to help you."

"I know it; you are very kind—very amiable. I am perfectly aware that a stenographer's duties do not include literary criticism. I ought to be ashamed to ask your aid, but if I don't have it I'm done for."

"But I give it most freely, Mr. Hildreth."

"I know you do, and I am also aware that I am imposing on you most shamefully. After this week we'll let my verses go as I compose them. It will probably put me out of business, but I can't help that."

"Mr. Hildreth, we simply cannot let your verses go unedited."

He looked at her for a moment in silence. "Can't you stand my verses?" he inquired. And, as she made no reply: "If you can't—if they are really as bad as that, why, the public is going to recoil, too, and I'll doubtless ruin the business for my uncle. He has no more idea of good poetry than I have. I'll ruin him; and our rivals, The Bunsen's Baby Biscuit Company, will call me blessed!"

"Your uncle writes you that he likes the advertising verses you send him," she interrupted cheerily. "He tells you that the verses have made the wafers worth a fortune."

"Yes, but you always have revised my verses, and he doesn't know that. Every poem I've done for the Honey Wafers Company you've revised. It is you who have made them sell all over this continent."

"What of it?" she answered, amused, "as long as your uncle is satisfied. I don't mind the trouble of editing your verses—truly I don't." She rested her cheek on her wrist, playing the while with her pencil. "I am very happy to do what I can, Mr. Hildreth. Shall we try once more?"

She seemed to grow more disturbingly pretty every day; he permitted himself to look at her long enough to remember that he had something else to do. "Din, pin, gin, sin," he repeated sullenly. "What the mischief am I to write, anyway?"

"I don't think we can use 'sin,' do you?" she asked, lifting her blue eyes.

Perhaps he found inspiration in them; he looked at them hard; an inward struggle set his mouth in an uncompromising line. And this is what he evolved:

Bright as blue eyes that are innocent of sin
Is the box of tin they're packed in—
Hildreth's Honey W——

"You *can't* compare a tin box to blue eyes, Mr. Hildreth! You surely must admit that."

"Tin is bright, isn't it? Blue eyes are bright, aren't they? Well, if one's bright and the others are——"

She shook her head slowly; her eyes had softened to a violet tint. He noticed that phenomenon, but he did not know that he had noticed it. His brows met in a frown of intense intellectual concentration; for five full minutes he remained rigid in the agony of composition, then, with a long breath, he delivered himself of another verse:

Soft as the color of blue violets that grow in
The woods, is perfume from the box of tin!
Hil——

"Oh, dear!" said the stenographer with a sudden little indrawing of her breath.

"If you want to laugh," he said, flushing, "go ahead. I'm not sensitive."

"I had no desire to laugh, Mr. Hildreth; it's far beyond a laughing matter."

He regarded her gloomily, relighted his cigar, and gazed out of the frosty window. After a moment a smile twitched his mouth.

"I suppose it's not good—that last idea about ingrowing violets——"

She laughed: she could not help it; he laughed, too.

"How long have we been working together?" he asked, leaning back in his chair. He knew, but he wanted to know whether *she* knew.

She knew, but she pretended to think very hard before answering, laying her pencil thoughtfully across her lips, immersed in calculation.

"It must be nearly a month, Mr. Hildreth."

"Impossible!" he exclaimed, pretending surprise.

"Almost," she insisted. "Let me see; I came to you on the fifth——"

"The ninth," he said quickly. He was easily beguiled.

"*Was* it the ninth?" she asked wonderingly—though what there was to wonder at is not clear, the date signalizing nothing in particular except the day they first laid eyes on one another. "I believe it was the ninth, after all. That would make it almost a month——"

"Exactly a month," he said triumphantly. "This is our first anniversary—and *you* didn't know it!"

He stopped; he hadn't meant to use words of that sort. People employ such expressions for other matters, not to commemorate the date of a purely business engagement.

"What you mean to say, Mr. Hildreth, is that I have been in your employment exactly a month," she said with amiable indifference.

"Exactly," he repeated, opening the inlaid cover of a rococo desk and bringing forth a package. Then he rose to his feet and made her a bow, full of the charm of good breeding: "May I venture to offer a little gift in memory of the fortunate event?"

She stood up, surprised, quiet, a trifle perplexed.

"What fortunate event, Mr. Hildreth?"

"The annivers—the—pleasant occasion——" He floundered, and she let him. It irritated him to flounder, for his intentions were above reproach.

"What I mean to say is simple enough," he snapped. "You've practically written my poems for me, and you didn't have to, but if you hadn't I either should have ruined my uncle's business or lost my job, and I'm grateful, and I wanted to give you something to show it—these books——"

She took them, a trifle uncertain, but guided by inherited instinct. She looked at the beautifully bound and dreadfully expensive volumes. The constraint lasted only a second; she thanked him, glanced at the title-page, where he had written the date and her name, but not his own. His good taste appealing to her, she smiled at him in a delightfully friendly fashion; and the charm of the transfiguration so occupied him that, finding himself staring, he neutralized the rudeness by closing his eyes with a wise look as though intent on pursuing elusive rhymes for commercial purposes.

She seated herself at her little flyaway gilded desk once more; he relapsed into his chair and sat there drumming with his fingers on the golden foliations of the carved arms.

She had, instinctively, picked up her pencil and pad, ready for dictation when the sacred fire should blaze up in him. The fire, however, appeared to be out. There was not a sputter.

"And in all this time," he mused, continuing his cogitations aloud, "you have never asked me why, in the name of common decency, I insisted on trying to be a poet!"

As she made no reply:

"Have you?" he repeated.

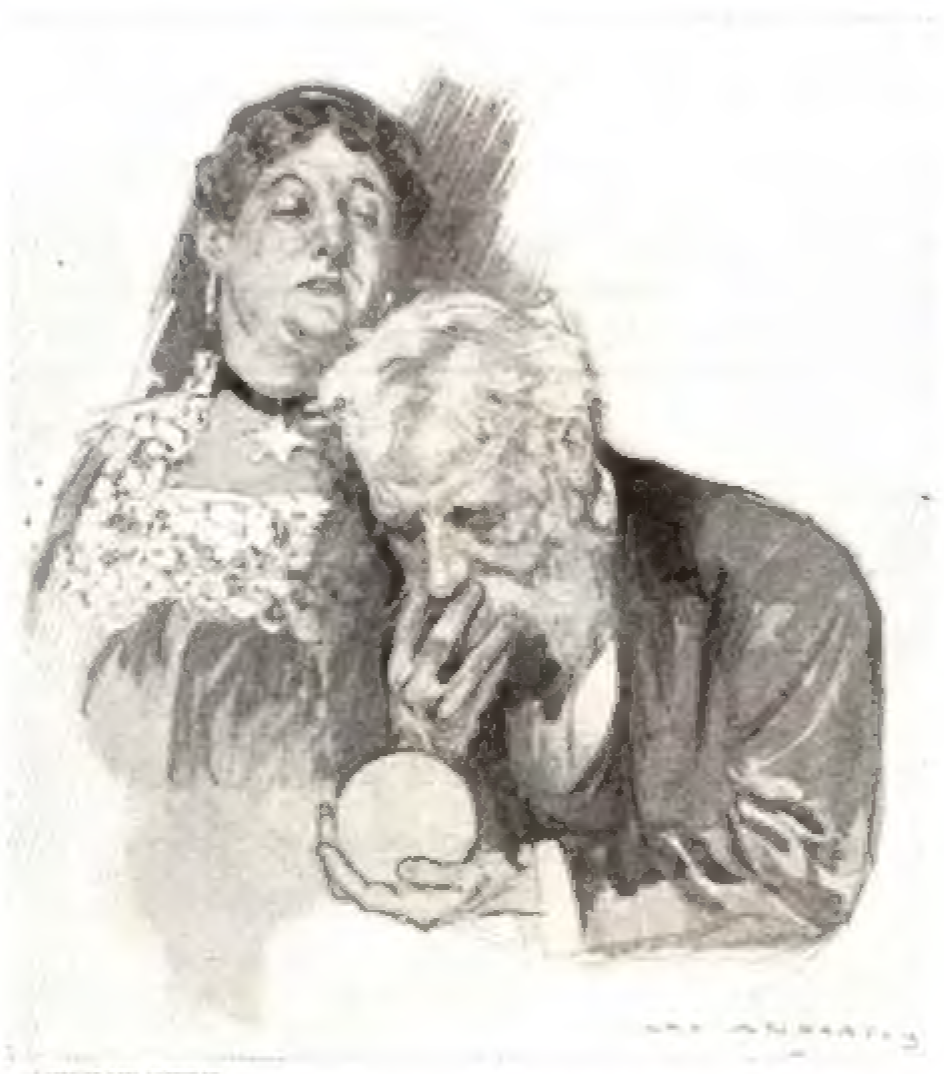
"Of *course* I haven't——"

"Is it because you are too civil to hurt a man's feelings?"

"It is because I am employed by you, Mr. Hildreth——"

"Because you are employed by me? Nonsense! That's no reason why I should torture a cultivated ear with unspeakable rhymes. I wonder, Miss Grey, what you really think of me?"

She could have told him that she didn't think of him at all except in a business sense, which would have been an untruth, but the proper answer for him. She thought of several answers, all reserved, indifferent, discouraging the faintest hint of intimacy, and therefore suitable. Then she said: "Would it interest you to know what your stenographer thinks about you?"



DRAWN BY KARL ANDERSON

MY UNCLE AND A FAT CLAIRVOYANT IN A PINK TEAGOWN

He said it would interest him excessively, and he desired information.

"I think," she said, not looking at him but at her pencil, with which she was tracing arabesques on the pad, "I think that you could do some things much better than—others. Oh, dear! that sounds like Tupper—but it's true."

"You mean I'd make a better bandit, for example, than I do a poet?"

"I don't know what qualification you have for the career you suggest," she replied demurely.

"I understand you," he said; "it's as simple as those profound lines:

A fool is bent upon a twig, but wise men shun a bandit;
Which is really very clever if you only understand it.

That's what you intended to say, wasn't it?"

They were both laughing, she with more reserve than he.

"If a bandit's life is not a happy one, what must a poet's life resemble?" he demanded. "Why, it's a perfect—but the word is inadequate, Miss Grey. Did you ever for one mad moment suppose that I wrote rhymes for the pleasure it gave me?"

"No," she said, "I didn't."

"Or did you imagine I was infatuated with the notion that my rhymes gave pleasure to others?"

She laughed such a care-free laugh—so sweet, so entirely gay and innocent—that he said impulsively: "I wish you'd let me tell you how it is. I do so hate to appear a fool to you."

Something checked her mirth, yet it scarcely could be what he said, for his speech and manner were quite free from offense.

"May I tell you?" he asked, conscious of the shadow of constraint between them.

There was something in her silent acquiescence which hinted: "My time is yours, Mr. Hildreth; but, considering the strictly business footing of our relations, hadn't you better begin to make your third verse?" And no doubt the slight impatient movement of his shoulders meant: "No, I won't begin my third verse; I desire to unburden to you a soul too long misunderstood." But the interpretation of her silence and his shrug are purely speculative on my part.

"I'd quit this verse-making in a moment if I could," he said; "but it's my livelihood. I always loathed poetry, even my own; but I've simply got to earn my living."

"Surely," she said, with an instinctive glance around the exceedingly ornate apartment, "it would be silly for you to give up making advertising verses for your uncle as long as—as——"

"As long as it permits me to live like this? Do you suppose that this is *my* apartment?—that anything in it belongs to me?—that my income from my wafer poetry would even pay for a single week's rent here? There's the ghastly mockery of it. Why, my salary is just twice what yours is: in other words, I divide with you every week."

She regarded him with amazement.

"Apartment, servants—everything belongs to my uncle. My uncle has views," he said, waving his hand. "Unfortunately, one of his views is how to bring up his only nephew. Just fancy a man fresh from Harvard flung neck and heels into his uncle's wafer business on thirty dollars a week!"

"Dreadful," she motioned with her lips.

"Neck and heels! He said I was to find no favors, no privileges; that I must begin at the lowest rung of the ladder, and, as he knew of nothing lower than poetry, he set me to work writing Honey Wafer ads. I'm to be promoted next year to be the artist that draws pictures for the ads. After that I shall advance through the baking, packing and truck departments until I become a traveling salesman. Meanwhile, I've emerged from my cheap boarding-house to keep his servants busy till he returns."

She sat very still, watching him with her beautiful, serious young eyes.

"Then, some day, I'm to be taken into the concern and become a partner if——"

"If?"

"If I don't marry."

"Oh!" she said faintly.

"But if I *do*——"

There was an ominous pause; then she repeated calmly:

"If you *do?*"

"I'm down and out, and he leaves about five millions to the Society for Psychical Research. A nice position for me if I should ever fall in love, isn't it?"

The pause was longer this time.

"The Society for Psychical Research," she repeated under her breath.

"Yes. You know—they investigate spooks, and tip tables, and go into trances, and see blond gentlemen coming over the ocean to marry you, and dark ladies hiding around the corner."

"Is he interested in such things—your uncle?"

"Mad about them. He's up at his country place now with a bunch of Columbia professors and Sixth Avenue clairvoyants, engaged in crystal-gazing experiments. Later he's going to lecture about 'em at Columbia University."

"What is crystal gazing?" she asked innocently.

"To tell you the truth, I don't know exactly. My uncle and a fat clairvoyant in a pink teagown sit at a table and squint into a big globe made of rock-crystal; and he tells me that he can sit in his chair up there at Adrintha Lodge and see, in the crystal, everything that he wants to see—including how I'm behaving myself down here in town. He told me that if I ever—ever kissed anybody he'd see it and discharge me."

"Does he say he can see *you?*"

"He does."

"And everything you are doing?"

"Every blessed thing."

"Do you believe it?" she asked anxiously.

"No, of course not. But I let him think he has me scared to death."

She leaned forward on the table, clasping both hands under her chin.

"Is that what keeps you on your best behavior?"

It was rather a curious thing to say.

"Suppose," she added, "that your uncle was looking into his crystal at this very minute. I think, if you please, we'd better stop talking and begin our work. . . . Don't you? I think we ought at least to *look* as though we were busy."

"*You* don't believe that he could see us, do you?" demanded Hildreth.

"No; . . . but suppose he could? Don't you think I'd better copy your verses—or be doing something——"

She hastily placed a sheet of paper in the machine, slid it into place, and struck several keys. It was quite unconscious on her part, but when, a moment later, she turned the sheet over she found that she had written his name about sixty times. The portent of this, however, did not then strike her.

Somewhere in the room little silvery chimes sounded the hour.

"Can it be two o'clock already?" she exclaimed.

He examined his watch in assumed surprise. "Why, we are just in time!" he said hazily.

"Yes, Mr. Hildreth—in time for what?"

"You—you won't be offended—where anything but offense is meant—will you?"

She had risen to face him; he, rather red about the ears, began by making a mess of what he was saying; and when she had grasped the import of it she let him go on making a mess until his irritation straightened out matters.

"It's only that you've been so kind to help me do all that advertising poetry, and I'm so tremendously grateful, and it's our first annivers—our—er—the occasion—— You know what I mean. So please stay to luncheon. Will you?"

"Please don't ask me, Mr. Hildreth——"

"Yes, I will! You simply can't be offended; you simply cannot mistake my attitude, my meaning——"

"I am not offended. You are very thoughtful—amiable—but I think I ought to go——"

"Our anni—the date, you know—just to celebrate a purely business arrangement which has been so delight—so profitable to me, I mean——"

"No, I could not stay, Mr. Hildreth——"

"But it's partly for business purposes," he explained anxiously. "Why, you must know, Miss Grey, that more business is transacted at luncheon than before or after. That's what great financiers do; they say to the head of a department: 'Lunch with me, Mr. So-and-so.' And Mr. So-and-so understands at once."

"Does that great financier ever say: 'Lunch with me, *Miss* So-and-so?'"

"Yes, often and often. And *she* understands!"

"Are you sure she does?"

"I am. Please let me be sure."

"Mr. Hildreth, I should—should like to—there, I admit it! But it is not *convenable*. I know it; you know it; it is *not* the thing for us to do. I have no business here except as your stenographer. I could not accept."

"Because you are a stenographer?"

"If I were not in your employment I should not be here with you. You know that."

"But I should perhaps be at your house if——"

"You are speculating in impossibilities." She bent her head, smiling across the table at him, and dropping her hand on the books he had given her. "Your kindness must have some bounds; let it end in these bindings; I—I shall remember it with each leaf I turn." And as he said nothing, but looked rather miserable, she added: "Won't you?"

There was another interval of silence; she considered his face anew. The unhappiness in it was evident.

"Do you really want me . . . to talk business?"

"I want you to stay. Will you?"

She did not answer, though a little tremor touched her lips.

"That's jolly!" he said gayly, and touched an electric button behind him. And a moment later a maid in cap and apron respectfully piloted her out of sight.

About half-past two a Japanese butler served them in the colonial breakfast-room, and she laughed at the little silver trifle she found beside her plate—a tiny type-machine made to hold scents in microscopic crystal vials. Her initials were engraved upon it.

"You see," he said, "*I* do not regard our poetical partnership lightly, even if you do. What you have done for me is going to enable me to enter the firm one day—aided by your editing my verses."

"I never before understood," she admitted, "why you advertised for a stenographer who was a graduate of Barnard College. And—when I applied to you I was perfectly astonished when you asked me so anxiously whether I could rhyme and draw pictures."

He examined his grapefruit, and extracted a minted cherry with great care. Presently he swallowed it.

"I knew from the first instant I saw you that my chance in life had come," he observed.

"You didn't know it before you questioned me."

"Yes, I did."

"How?"

He looked up at her: "I don't know *how* I knew it." She was apparently interested in the aroma of her wine. "But I knew it," he ended.

The vintage was doubtless worthy of the serious attention she gave it.

"Do you know what wine that is?" he asked, amused.

"Yes; it is Sarna," she said simply.

"How did you know?" he exclaimed in amazement.

She lifted the glass with a pretty gesture: "Are you so astonished that your stenographer knows the rarest wine in the world—and the legend concerning it? A most inappropriate wine for such a luncheon, Mr. Hildreth——"

"You are a constant series of endless astonishments to me," he said. "Where on earth you ever heard of Sarna—and how you should have known it when you saw it—this wine so rare that but one in ten thousand experts ever heard of it——"

"Why did you have it served?" she asked directly. "Do you know what this wine of Sarna signifies? Do you know every drop is worth ten times its weight in gold? Do you know there are not three other bottles of it known in the world?"

"I knew all that. I believed that Sarna alone was worthy of—of——" he met her level gaze—"of our first anniversary."

"No; it is inappropriate," she replied steadily. "Do you not know the legend?"

"It is the only wine not forbidden by the Koran. Is that what you mean? Or do you mean——" he hesitated.

"Yes, that. The last Khedive emptied the last glass of the last but three bottles remaining in all the world while his bride's lips were still wet with the dew of Sarna. It is the custom of Emperors and Sultans—ask me for how long, and my answer is: as long as the saros; compute it, oh, Heaven-born!" She crossed her pretty hands below her throat, a smile, half gay, half tender, parting her lips.

"How did *you* know such things?" he asked.

"My father was a judge of the Mixed Tribunal," she answered gravely. "My mother was married there; I was born in Cairo."

"Fate!" he said excitedly—"sheer Fate! My father was the ex-Confederate, Hildreth Pasha, of the Khedival Court! The Sarna—that bottle cradled there—came from a judge of the Mixed Tribunal! Shall not their children touch the same glass?"

They both were excited, flushed, a little bewildered.

"Do you know the custom?" he asked recklessly.

"Y—es." She held up one slender finger; her mother's betrothal ring, set with the diamond scarab, sparkled on the white skin; and she drew the thin circlet from her finger and held it suspended over the glass of golden Sarna. The single brilliant flashed and flashed as though the sacred beetle were struggling to be free.

"Shall I?"

"Try it," he laughed. "Who knows what sign of fortune the dead Sultans may send?"

"They—they only send a sign to—to brides——"

"I know it. Try!"

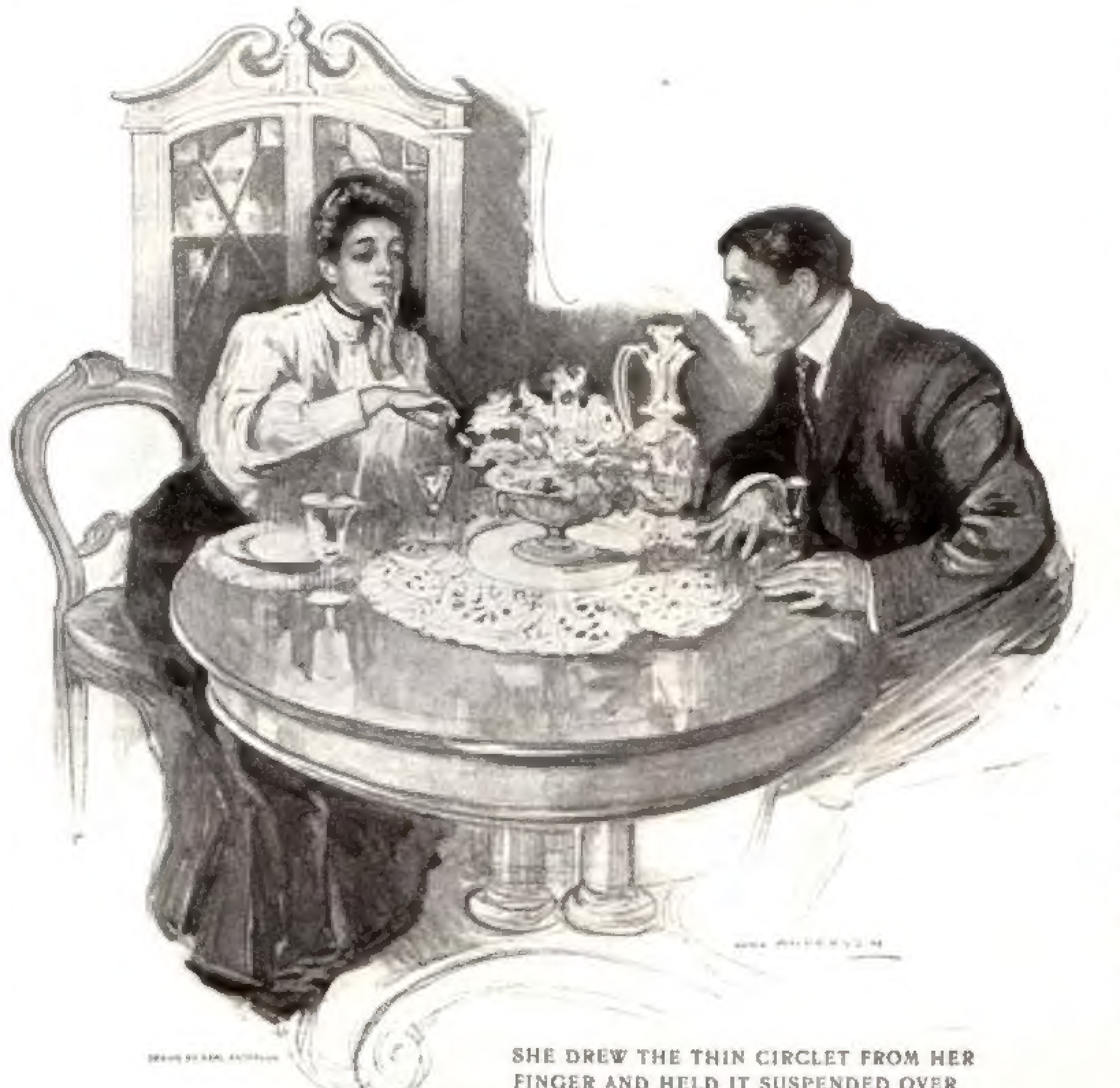
"But the mechanism is unknown to me; it is not possible that a bath of this scented wine could start it——"

"Try!"

There was a glimmer, a little clinking splash in the slim wineglass. They inspected the ring lying in the amber wine; they glanced at one another rather foolishly. Then, looking at him, she raised the glass, tasted, passed it to him. He tasted, his eyes on her, and set the half-empty glass before her.

"I—I believe there's something happening to that ring," said Hildreth suddenly, rising and passing around the table to her side.

Breathless, they bent over the glass, heads close together.



SHE DREW THE THIN CIRCLET FROM HER FINGER AND HELD IT SUSPENDED OVER THE GLASS OF GOLDEN SARNA

"Doesn't it look to you as though that diamond scarab were moving?" he said in a low voice.

"Yes; but it can't be—*how* can it——"

"Look!"

"Oh—h!" she whispered—"see! It—it's alive! It is unfolding arms and legs like a crab."

"What on earth——" he stammered, but got no further, for the girl caught him by the arm: "Look! Look! *The swastika!* It means fortune! It means—it means——"

His hand shook as he lifted the glass and reversed it. A shower of perfumed wine sprinkled the lace centrepiece; the mystic swastika, glittering, magnificent, fell heavily upon the mahogany—a dull, gem-incrusted lump of purest gold.

"What is it?" he gasped. "I thought it was alive, like one of those jeweled Egyptian beetles! I thought those things were legs!"

"It is the *swastika*," she whispered, laying it in her pink palm. "Who wears it shall always——" She stopped short, hesitated, then the color in her face deepened, and she looked up over her shoulder at him. "Will you do something for me?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Wear this. Will you?" She drew her tiny handkerchief from her sleeve, tore a shred of cambric from it, passed it through the swastika, and, before he knew what she meant to do, had tied it to his lapel.

"Just to see what happens?" she said, laughing almost hysterically. If there was the slightest chance of any luck in the world she wished it to be his. It was all she had to give.

"You resign your chance of fortune to me?" he asked curiously—and, as she only nodded: "There is but one happiness Fortune can bring me. Are you willing to trust it to me?"

Before she could reply a maid appeared with a telegram; he asked her pardon, and opened it. Twice he read it, read it again, nodded a dazed dismissal to the maid, read it again very carefully, and finally, with a smile that was somewhat sickly, handed it across the table to her.

What she read was this:

ADRINTHA LODGE,
Mohawk County, New York.
John Hildreth: I know what you're up to, and you had better stop.
PETER HILDRETH.

"Peter Hildreth," she repeated blankly.

"My uncle."

"But—but what does he mean?"

"That's what I'd like to know," said the young fellow uneasily.

"Is he in the habit of telegraphing you?"

"No, he isn't; he never did such a thing."

She turned the yellow leaf of paper over and over thoughtfully. Then he suddenly encountered her disturbed gaze.

"He says that he knows what you're up to, and you'd better stop," she said. "What *are* you up to, Mr. Hildreth?"

"Up to? Absolutely nothing! I'm fairly tingling with the consciousness of innocence, righteousness and good intentions. *I* don't know what that old crank means—any more than you know."

"I—I am dreadfully afraid that *I* know what he means."

"What?"

"I think he means me."

"You! Why?"

"Because I'm here—here lunching with you. He might draw—dreadful conclusions."

"What on earth do you mean, Miss Grey? He never even heard of you. How can he know you are here?"

"Suppose—suppose he is—is looking into his crystal!"

A sudden silence fell, lasting until the coffee was served.

"It is nonsense to suppose that people can do such things," said Hildreth abruptly.

"What things?" she asked, watching him set fire to a cigarette.

"Such things as looking into crystals and seeing nephews. Anyway, what is there to see?" He waved his hand as though scattering suspicion to the four winds. "What is there to see except a future financier and his principal chief of department at a purely business luncheon——"

"With silver souvenirs and Sarna," she murmured.

They laughed, feeling the constraint subsiding once more.

"Please let us talk a little business—for form's sake, if nothing else," she said.

"All right; your salary is to be increased——"

"Mr. Hildreth, you cannot afford any extravagances, and you know it."

"I am not going to let you write my verses, and profit by it to your exclusion! Besides, this swastika is going to enable me to afford anything, I understand."

"But you already divide your salary with me. You can't do more!"

"Yes, I can."

"No, no, no! Wait until you are promoted to be the advertising artist. Wait until the swastika begins to help us—you."

"No; because then you'll have to draw all my pictures for me, and your salary must be increased again."

"At that rate," she said, laughing, "I'll be half partner when you are."

"Full partner—if the swastika knows its business. I—I—wish he didn't have that crystal up there at Adrintha. I've a mind to buy a rabbit's foot. With a rabbit's foot and a swastika we ought to checkmate any crystal-gazing, pink-eyed clairvoyants."

"But—what have they to do with us?" she asked gently.

What he was about to say he only half divined—for she was bewilderingly pretty—and perhaps she dimly foresaw it,

(Continued on Page 20)

American Progress in the Philippines

AN IGORROTE AT WORK

THE puffed cushion on which we sit to consider the Philippines is punctured when we are told—in Manila, at least, we are told it incessantly and from the housetops—that, if tested by a universal suffrage vote in the islands, there would be a majority for returning to Spanish rule.

Those who make the statement are, to be sure, only disaffected American merchants, and three disaffected newspapers in Manila, but there is some truth in it, nevertheless. A universal vote, almost anywhere, would uncover a surprising element "ag'in' the Gov'ment"; and there are more of the class from which such a sentiment might be expected, and they have better cause for it, in the Philippines than is usually the case. Yet whatever there is of it is more a compliment than a criticism, and better reason for hope than fear.

So far as the makers of the alarming statements are concerned—the American merchants and the three nominally American newspapers—they are, begging their pardon, a bad lot, as a rule, with occasional exceptions to prove the rule. They are the venturesome spirits who arrived early, when those on the spot made money easily. They have ground—some reasonable ground—for hating "the niggers," as they call the little brown brothers; for in the early days, when the little fellows were fighting and dying in the face of big odds, for a cause which seemed to them sufficient, and were doing it according to their ancestral methods, there was much in the line of what was done that seemed to us treacherous and inhumanly cruel, and created a bitterness which still remains, rendering each defect and weakness in a Filipino liable to generous exaggeration by afflicted Anglo-Saxons—never prolific in courtesy and consideration for those whom they consider beneath them. They began by counting all Filipinos secret enemies and have continued by treating every Filipino accordingly; while other merchants—English, French, German, Spanish—have been catering to the natives for native trade.

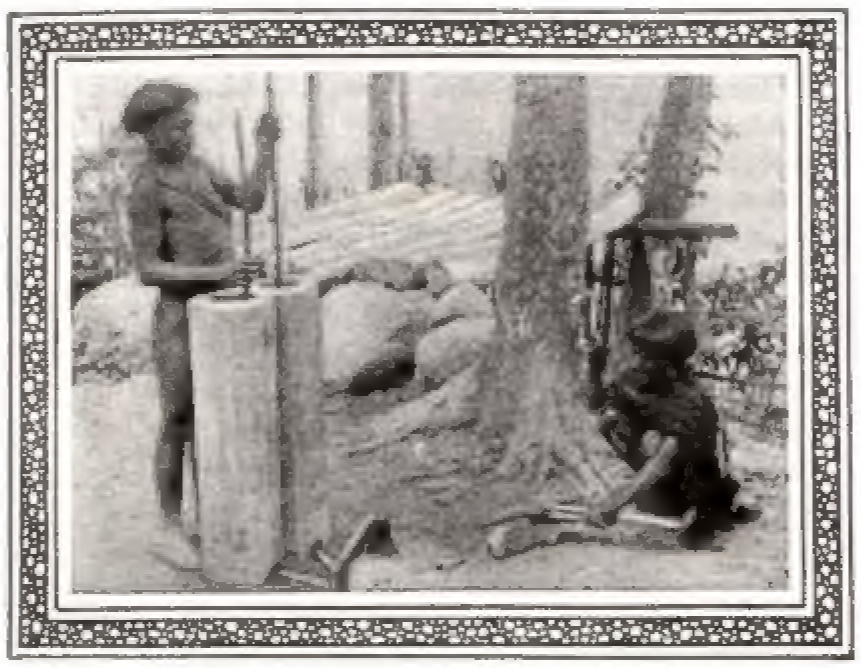
At that time there were 70,000 men of the United States Army in the islands and many temporary American incidents, insuring an enormous demand for American products and newspapers, with little need of seeking other patronage; but the military organization has dropped to 15,000 and the incidents in proportion, so that the merchants and newspapers find demands reduced, without the mammon of unrighteousness to fill their coffers—and there's the rub. The Filipino and the Administration are the visible heads, and they are hit. The policy of the Philippines for the Filipino, which has guided the Administration from its inception, is called discriminating in favor of "worthless niggers," and, to prove it, every little tilt with wandering ladrones, every occasion for calling out the native constabulary, is made so much of that one who does not know must think that Americanism is progressing crab-fashion in the Philippines—which is precisely what they want to have us think, though not precisely the truth.

Neither have the natives who come much in contact with average Americans in the Philippines any great cause to grow fonder of them. It is almost miraculous that Americanism has progressed at all, for, if we are to judge of the Filipino from his worst, why should he not judge of Americans by the drunken, truculent loafers who infest all the small towns of the islands, living on the fruits of the labors of Filipino women? Why should he not set our standard of honesty according to the humiliating list of official and unofficial defaulters in the islands and by the times when he has been outwitted, cheated, browbeaten by Americans? Fortunately—and to his credit—there are saving lines of difference in mental construction and an intense desire for education, on his part, which have resulted favorably for the progress of real Americanism in spite of the counterfeit presentments. But there also lingers, in the more isolated and rural districts, the memory of one virtue of Spanish rule to which distance lends enchantment: in most of their affairs of life they were distinctly let alone. Now they are not let alone. It is not so much what is being done as that something is doing everywhere. The eternal monotony of disorder so dear to the Oriental is being disturbed, and it takes time for the little brown man to adjust himself to the disruption of time-out-of-mind antiquities in his theories of life.

Those who looked for the instantaneous Americanization of the Philippines, as well as those who seek their immediate absorption for American interests, are disappointed. There are innate reasons not readily noticed, rendering amalgamation necessarily slow. The same reasons rendered it utterly impossible under Spanish dominion, and left the natives at the end of three centuries showing less progress than they have made during the last three years.

In the mountains of Central Luzon, for example, live several hundred thousand Igorrotes, the original head-hunting savages. To them the air is peopled with the ghosts of their ancestors, who are responsible for everything, whether good or evil. They call them Anitos, and in going through woods they carry a peculiar barbed spear, which is the only thing Anitos fear. Their methods of treatment are not far from some modern alleged sciences. As all evil is caused by the entrance of an Anito, the cure must be effected by his expulsion. The old men and grandmothers who attend to this are called Insupok. They sit by the patient gently rubbing the afflicted part and whispering: "Anito, who is making this one ill, go away!" Then they blow, softly, to help him off. It is certainly soothing. There is none of the banging and medicine-dancing of the Indians, and relief, if not cure, is very often obtained. Obviously, hygiene and modern sanitation cannot easily effect either the ghosts or their progeny.

Among the Moros everything, of course, is according to Allah, and divination rests with the hadjis. What Allah decides must go, and the sanitary nonsense of pork-eating Americans cannot be potent against the Omnipotent. When a baby is born in a Moro hut it is laid on the ground and left there till several rites have been performed. If it dies in the mean time that was the will of Allah. When an American doctor intervenes he cannot prove that he saved the child, for it might have lived anyway. But if a mother or child should die under a doctor's intrusion it would look very much like the vengeance of Allah for ignoring the rites. All disease comes from Allah, not from microbes.



OLD-STYLE WORKMEN, NATIVE BLACKSMITHS, AT WORK; BLACKSMITHING IS NOW TAUGHT IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Among the Visayans, anting-anting is the all-powerful thing. It is a fetish, an amulet more varied in kind than the precious pocket-pieces of Americans. The anting-anting is thoroughly able to preserve its owner from all kinds of evil if he only has sufficient faith in it. Failure is never the fault of the anting-anting, and, this being the case, all the expense and upsetting on account of new notions seems a great waste of energy. Even among nominally Christian tribes, faith in charms is hardly less effective. All evil is a direct retribution from God for sin, and processionals must necessarily be more efficacious than boiled water.

The Negritos believe in evil spirits—very few good ones—and all trouble is their work. The worst of it is that they are quite likely to jump from one person into any one else in the neighborhood, and therefore Negritos usually desert their sick, and leave them and the hut in which they die to rot

SOME RAW MATERIAL

AN IMPROVED PRODUCT: GENERAL SERVANTS

A Rapid Advance of Three Long Centuries in Three Short Years

BY WILLARD FRENCH

LITTLE MORO GIRL WAITING FOR SCHOOLTIME

away together. If a doctor braves the danger and suffers no injury it simply indicates that the spirits did not care to jump that time. If his medicines restore it proves that they must have been so very bad that the spirits could not stand them.

There are thousands of odd notions, deep-rooted and inherited through ages, which conflict with modern notions of reform; for a more heterogeneous combination could not be found. The people of the Philippines differ as essentially from each other as from us. Education, a common ground to stand on, is the one final surety; but, in the mean time, Americanism has really made astonishing progress. Having traversed the islands from end to end and from side to side, I know that to say that the people are really disaffected is preposterously false; to say that they are opposed to America and Americanism is absurdly untrue.

They have had varied experiences with white men — varied before the arrival of Americans, very varied since — and individual Americans have disaffected them. Restrictions upon historic theories have taxed their tempers, and they are the most whimsically, unreasonably childish of any people under the sun, owing to the superficial Christianity and superficial subjugation of 300 years grafted on erratic barbarism. They cannot understand Occidental innovations, away out on their little farms, with their little ponies and their sleepy carabao and their nipa huts on stilts. They don't see why their baskets of skulls are discountenanced, their head-hunting picnics tabooed, and their neighborhood unpleasantnesses — with bolos — officially discontinued. But these sentiments they are very sensible about.

FILIPINOS TURNED INTO EXCELLENT SOLDIERS. SQUAD OF MUNICIPAL POLICE AT QUARTERS

It is only when some extra sour or shrewd one, like Hassan, who shot Colonel Scot in each hand and was himself shot twenty-seven times before he discovered it and died; or like Datto Ali, who is still kicking up intermittent dusts beyond Cottabato; or like Hadji Butu and his master, Jumalul Kiram, who recently so gently vanquished Governor-General Wright that he returned from Manila with no end of pretty presents for his sweetly savage and half-naked Sultana; or like the wild Opan of Jolo, who walks right into town and carries off the Sultan's very own carabao when he is out of beef — it is only when some such fellows, with grudges to work off, see an opportunity to stir things up in a safely secluded corner and enrich themselves thereby — like the present insurrection in the almost inaccessible district on the west coast of Samar — that they agitate back in the mountains and jungles, and prate over the innovations, and preach the old notions, and promise great things in the way of captured rifles and carabao till they pick up enough fanatics to drop without warning on some weak spot, make a quick strike, and run for the hills. Then the three Manila newspapers and the merchants of Manila make one's hair stand on end and all the surplus flesh desert one's bones with the impression that the whole seven millions — men, women and babies — are all up in arms "ag'in' the Gov'ment."

Nevertheless, Americanism, even if only a fad, is stronger far and deeper-rooted and farther-reaching than all the disgruntled sentiments put together. It is stronger and deeper in the interior, away from coast influence, than such sentiment through all the three centuries of Spanish dominion.

Last July I made a trip with one of the commissioners through the province of Batangas, only recently from the throes of insurrection. There was so little danger that neither of us was better armed than with a pearl-handled pocket-knife, but for form's sake the Governor gave us as escort a captain and ten men of the native police. The most interesting thing about them — after their gigantic appetites — was the fact that the captain was the only man who could speak Spanish, while five of his men spoke English quite comfortably.

In crossing the island of Samar, from Kalbayok, in the district from which just now are coming such heated tales of trouble, I did not meet a single youngster who failed to reply in kind to "Hello!" "Good-by," or "Good-night" — often taking the initiative. Young and old, there were only two who returned more than a blank stare when the same salutations were given in Spanish.

There is something, for those who can differentiate, in an incident which at first we considered only a stupendous joke. It was down in Bohol, where they made such fierce resistance to Yankee domination; and fought and bled and died, like the brave fellows that they are, for what only a few most interested understood at all, and taught the rest to consider paramount. They were finally subdued, and it was arranged that in three detachments, during a certain afternoon, they should enter the city, lay down their arms, and take the oath. Now, if the Filipino is anything he is musical. He learns, sings and plays by ear with marvelous ease. Even in the heat of the struggle the native bands had caught the stirring strains issuing from Yankee camps. The first detachment marched in to the music of Dixie. The native band which led the next was playing Hold the Fort. The last of the vanquished came in to lay down their arms to There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night. Americans had surely disaffected them, but Americanism had caught them. It is catching everywhere.

Apropos: across the street from the open window where I am writing there is a very decent middle-class nipa house on stilts. It is not precisely an open window, for the whole side of the room is in latticed sections, covered with thin paper, which slide back upon each other, and the house opposite is on stilts simply because all native houses are hoisted in the air on bamboo posts. The open space beneath is used for kitchen, workshop, laundry, bath or whatever else comes handy. It affords good shelter at night for pigs, chickens and ponies. It makes a great place for babies to run loose when it rains.

It is not confined to native houses, this lower-story-stable fashion. The only entrance to some of the most substantial mansions of Manila is through the carriage door in the basement, past the stalled horses and bedded dogs and the kitchen, and up a broad flight of stairs to a sumptuous reception-hall surrounded by living-rooms. It is convenient in the rainy season to drive directly into the house, and though the sanitary whims of Americans are taxed at first, they are soon educated down to it, and the flies from the stable are the only things that bother them. One would think, though, that their own shocked senses would suggest charity for the natives whose theories of propriety have been so many times over-shocked by innovations which we have forced upon them.

But about this place across the street: in the open-front room opposite mine there is a dainty bit of a brown baby mother, dressed in a lot of floating stuff of beautiful bright color. It seems forever on the point of falling off, it clings so loosely; but a hitch to one shoulder, or a shrug to both, or a little twist every way at once, and the whole thing is back in place.

She may think that I have been flirting with her. I have smiled whenever I caught her eye, and she has smiled and dandled one after another of her naked babies for my admiration. She has four of them there, bless her soul; though goodness knows she would not be out of short frocks herself if frocks were a landmark, as they are with us. When I began this apropos she had just arranged a very short piña shirt on the oldest boy — more to show off the shirt than to secrete the boy, and much against his inclinations — and was singing her babiest baby to sleep. The lullaby was Maryland, My Maryland. Now the tot lies beside her — she is squatting on the floor — while she amuses herself, a baby *pro tem.*, with a big seashell, blowing into it and clapping it to her ear to hear what the wild waves are saying. She has untied her hair, and in a wilderness of black-brown it falls all over everything. She is laughing now, and drumming on the shell for the piña-shirted youngster who is leaning over the balcony singing, without the words, After the Ball is Over. Who said "Let me make a nation's songs, and who will may make the laws"? He would understand such things as evidences of the progress of Americanism.

Once I was aboard a boat lying in the harbor of Cottabato. Just over the hills Datto Ali was stirring up some insurrection dust, with bold Bolulo for a broom and rakings and scrapings of Moro ladrones, too. We were waiting for official permission to join the fray, when the usual squad of youngsters — little brown water-rats, all of them — boys and girls alike, without a stitch of clothes to bother them, took advantage of the delay to gather round the steamer, clambering into their outriggered bancas on one side to dive off on the other the moment some one threw a coin into the water for them.

Filipino kiddies are the merriest, prankishest creatures ever cradled, and, when contributions gave out, these children amused themselves and us with an imitation squad and

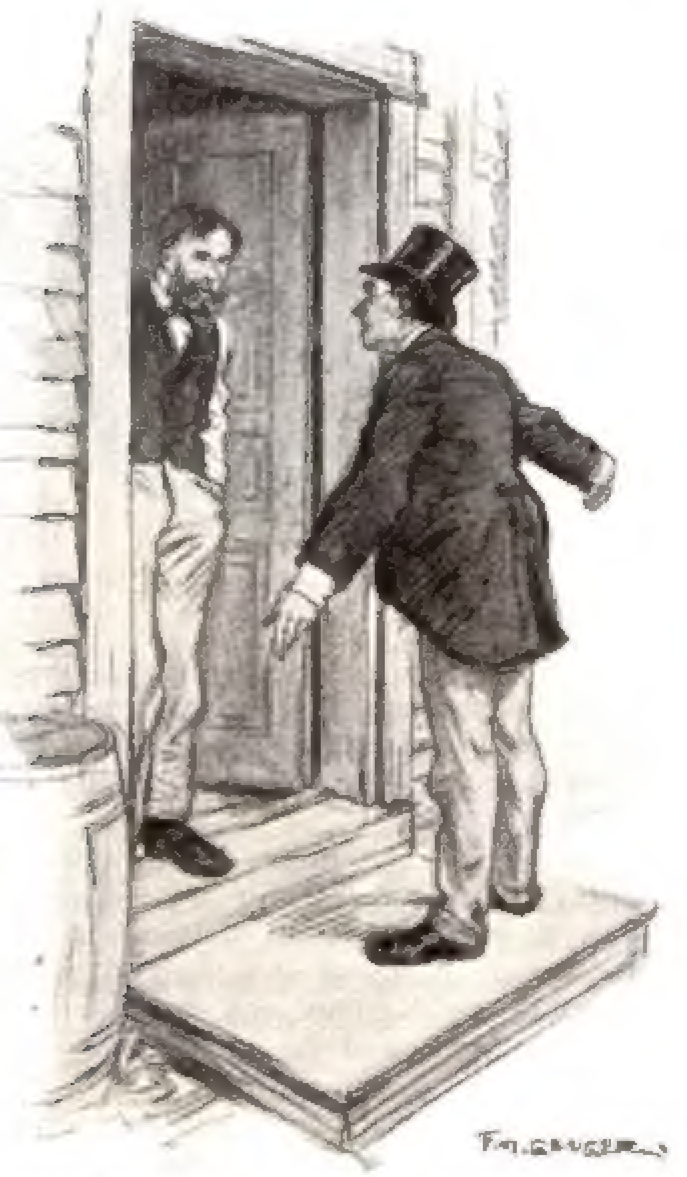
(Concluded on Page 23)

MANILA "SOCIETY"

THE JENSEN CASE

Being a Leaf From a Corporation Lawyer's Notebook, Only a Little Altered and Embellished

BY WILL PAYNE



HE SEEMED TO BELIEVE THAT IF HE TALKED LOUDLY ENOUGH HE COULD OVERCOME THE BEARDED MAN'S INABILITY TO UNDERSTAND ENGLISH

HUMMEL tapped demurely at the modest door, and of the bearded young man who opened it a little he asked, in a subdued, respectful voice, for Mrs. Jensen.

The man did not admit him, but turned his head and spoke in a strange tongue to some one inside. Then a woman appeared. She was about thirty, Hummel judged, of a blocky and substantial build and deliberate habit.

"Mrs. Jensen?" he asked, hat in hand, and with an air of reverent, all-embracing sympathy — wondering the while whether some "personal injury" shark had got ahead of him.

"Yes," said Mrs. Jensen with a strong accent.

"I represent the Great Trunk Railway, Mrs. Jensen," said Hummel. He seemed to be laying the bleeding heart of that corporation at her feet. "I came to talk to you about the accident."

Mrs. Jensen regarded him calmly for half a minute. "We ain't made up our minds yet," she replied slowly.

Hummel's affection blossomed in a brotherly smile, and he cut in at once. "Just right! Just right!" he assured her, nodding. "You did right not to make up your minds until you saw me. Somebody has been here — a lawyer?"

"Yes. A lawyer," she admitted.

"I'll explain to you," said Hummel, with another brotherly smile and a forward step.

She let him in rather reluctantly. He sat beside her and explained mellifluously, while the bearded man, who was evidently unable to follow the conversation, lounged on a tiny sofa at the other side of the small, bare room and stared interestedly. Once a lean, middle-aged woman peered in from the other room, and withdrew.

Hummel's explanation was flawless. He showed her that the lawyer who had called was one of a flock of conscienceless harpies that prey upon the bereaved by stepping between them and the benevolence of railroad and other companies. As a friend, he enjoined her to have nothing to do with that sort. He showed that not a shadow of responsibility attached to the railroad in this case, but it felt very badly because so sad an affair had happened upon its premises. The real fault was altogether with the city, but the city, unlike the railroad, was not sympathetic, so the road asked the privilege of extending a helping hand, out of sheer good-heartedness.

Mrs. Jensen listened with her unblinking gaze, and when he paused a full minute for her reply she said: "We ain't made up our minds yet——"

Hummel immediately began over again and showed her that there was nothing left for them to make up their minds about. She neither assented nor dissented; merely looked at him in silence. Then he took five ten-dollar bills from his pocket and laid them on his knee; whereupon the bearded man showed signs of agitation. Hummel drew out a blank, filled it in with his fountain pen, offered it and the money.

"Just sign here," he said sweetly, as one suggesting a trivial formality.

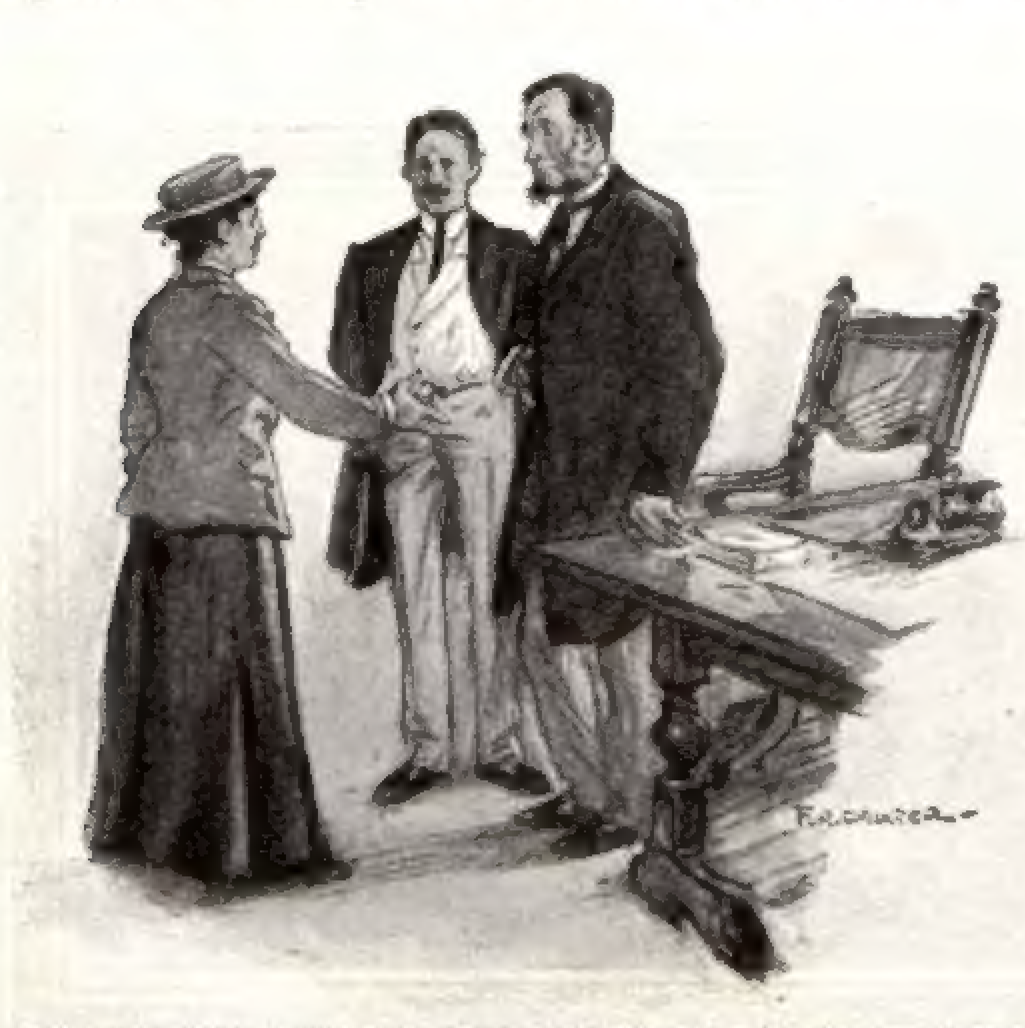
The bearded man stood up excitedly. Mrs. Jensen spoke to him in their own language. He appeared to give a vigorous assent, for she signed and took the money without a word.

Hummel put the receipt and waiver in his pocket, well satisfied. The bearded man smiled openly and shook hands with him as he went out.

It was not a bad piece of work on Hummel's part, for the coroner's jury, against all law and conscience, had censured the railroad, and that usually meant damages, anyhow.

The facts, as laid before the jury, were somewhat peculiar. The deceased, Oscar Jensen — who had occasionally performed manual labor at the stockyards — had been going to Pittsburg on one of Nelson & Co.'s cattle trains, having been provided by the foreman with one of the employee's passes which are given the crew that goes along to take care of the cattle. As the train was pulling out of town he had climbed to the top of a box car to look about. The train passed rapidly under a viaduct that the city was having repaired. A workman there had left a scantling in such a position that it swept the man from the car and he fell under the wheels. Censuring the railroad was the easiest thing the deputy coroner could think of to round out the verdict, and the incident had enough general interest to warrant the newspapers putting it in small type among other local junk. Thus it became public property.

And thus Hummel was scarcely out of the neighborhood, and the episode of his visit was still under discussion in the house, when another visitor rapped at the humble door — an elderly gentleman who had not been shaved recently and was rather flavored of the barroom. He had a way of scowling formidably, and he seemed to believe that if he talked loudly enough and gesticulated with sufficient violence he could thereby overcome the little impediment of the bearded man's inability to understand English.



THE LUMINARY, LIKE THE SATELLITE, WAS A BIT EMBARRASSED BY HER CORDIALITY

He explained that the railway company was clearly liable for damages in the sum of $5000 — the maximum then fixed by law — and that the eminent law firm which he had the honor to represent would take the case, retaining one half of what they recovered for their powerful services and paying the other half over to Mrs. Jensen. That lady listened to his statement as unblinkingly as she had listened to Hummel.

"Somebody come here? Somebody come to see you? Some lawyer come? Somebody from railroad come to see you?" At each succeeding question the caller lifted his voice higher, pointing to the door, then at Mrs. Jensen's ample bosom, nodding his head vigorously. "A man from railroad come?" he bawled, his eyes sticking out, purple in the face.

"Yes," said Mrs. Jensen, in her unruffled manner.

"You sign? You sign something? You sign contract?" He appealed to the bearded man, making the motion of writing, and tapping the lady vigorously on the knee.

"I sign," said Mrs. Jensen.

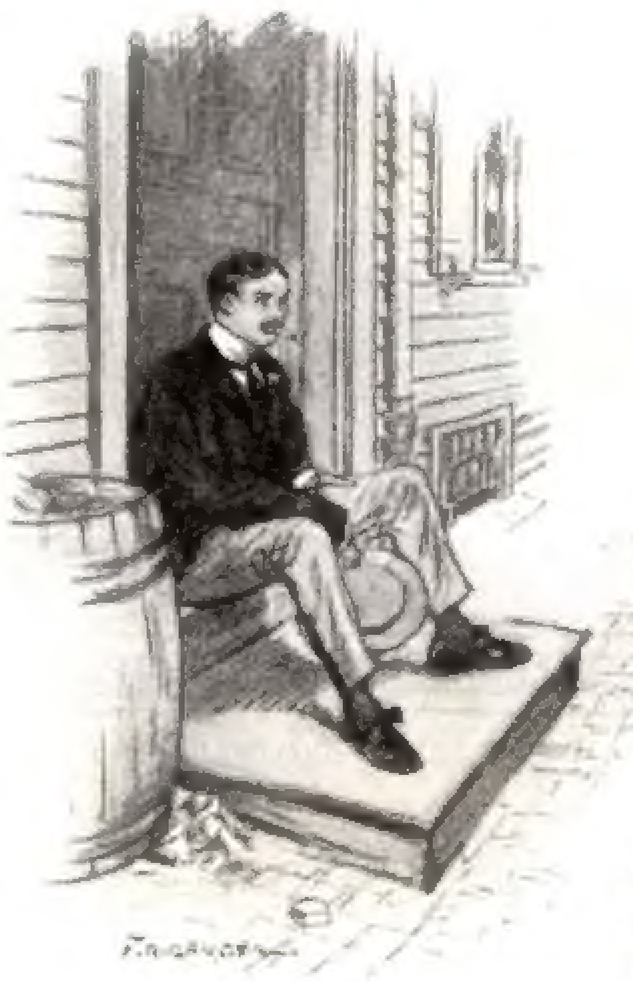
"What you sign no good; no count; in law no count; no count-ee in law! What you do in court, that only count. What you sign no count." At the risk of apoplexy, he further impressed the point that what she had signed for the railroad man was of no value in law — a mere harmless exercise of penmanship. And he brought forth his own little contract and fountain pen; but he produced no money.

Mrs. Jensen, quite impassive throughout the harangue, had kept well within the limitations of her rudimentary conversational powers. But the absence of the greenbacks inspired her to make a remark on her own account: "It is much expense — the funeral. You give some money now? Yes?"

The caller explained, at the top of his lungs, that the eminent law firm, in offering its services on a mere contingent fee, was already doing her a favor of vast value.

"It is much expense," she repeated simply. So he invited her to go downtown with him and see the eminent lawyers themselves. She went, and, after the case was duly considered, the firm — against its invariable rule and against all reason — advanced her ten dollars. Whereupon she cheerfully signed their contract.

When she returned to the little story-and-a-half frame cottage a sallow young man with a high collar and familiar manners was sitting on the doorstep smoking a cigarette. He also represented a distinguished law firm which had taken a deep interest in her case — having, in fact, clipped the paragraph about it out of the morning paper along with six like it. The firm had fully assured itself that the city was liable for damages in the sum of $5000, because it was the condition in which the city had left the viaduct that had caused the accident. The firm would recover the $5000 free of all cost to her, and pay her half.



HE ALSO REPRESENTED A DISTINGUISHED LAW FIRM

"It is much expense — the funeral," Mrs. Jensen observed calmly. But on that point the young man was obdurate. Wasn't it enough if she got $2500 cash for nothing?

A week passed. Mrs. Jensen was feeling lonely. For three days no more of those men — young, old and middle-aged, in all stages of repair and disrepair — had come tapping at the modest door to offer her balm on a contingent fee. It was two days since the postman had brought the last of those nice, typewritten, important-looking letters, imprinted with the style and address of legal gentlemen who wished to discuss her case with her. Naturally, she was lonesome.

But to-day the postman had a letter for her. She recognized its class at once from the typewritten superscription and the return card on the envelope. She had no difficulty in making out that it was from a lawyer, that his office was in the Chamber of Commerce Building, and that he wished to see her about the case. That was sufficient. She put on her hat very cheerfully and took a trolley car downtown.

Arriving at the office she showed the letter silently, but as one having experience of law offices, to the young woman in the outer room. In a moment Mr. Hummel came to greet her. She smiled and held out her hand. Although her conversational abilities had not noticeably increased, she had become a more social being in those days of receiving and calling upon the representatives of the learned profession. She even ventured, with a kind of ponderous embarrassment, to ask after his health. She felt very kindly toward Hummel. He was the first of them all, and he had given her fifty dollars.

Mr. Hummel himself seemed somewhat disconcerted by her sociability. He looked grave and explained to her that the counsel of the Great Trunk Railway wished to talk with her. She gathered from his manner that the counsel was a mighty man, above Hummel's head, and she conceived the pleasant idea that, if the agent had given fifty, the counsel would probably give a hundred, at least. So she smiled a little at the counsel when Hummel led her into the private office, and held out her hand.

The luminary, like the satellite, was a bit embarrassed by her cordiality. But he pulled himself together severely, and sat down on the opposite side of the table. A sheaf of nice, typewritten letters lay before him.

"I have here, Mrs. Jensen," said the counsel deliberately, and eying her hard, "your receipt for fifty dollars in full of all claims against the Great Trunk Railway on account of the death of your husband, Oscar Jensen." He made a dramatic pause, Mrs. Jensen listening steadily and looking him in the face. "Also, I have here"—he laid his hand impressively on the sheaf of letters—"notices from eight separate and distinct law firms that you have appointed each one of them, by written contract, your representative to press a claim against the railway for damages on account of Oscar Jensen's death. Eight separate and distinct firms threaten to sue the railway unless I settle with them."

Counsel expected a sensation; but he produced none. Mrs. Jensen deliberated a moment, then replied calmly:

"I think it is nine."

"Nine!" counsel gasped.

Again Mrs. Jensen considered carefully, and even counted slowly on her fingers. "I think it is nine," she repeated; but added: "Maybe eight," good-naturedly yielding him the point.

"Do you expect eight lawyers to sue the company for you eight times?" counsel demanded sarcastically.

"Each say he will do it," she returned simply. "Each get something, maybe, more or less."

Counsel stared at her composed face and tried to think of something sufficiently illuminating to say. While he was trying Mrs. Jensen counted her fingers again.

"Yes. It is eight," she announced, nodding amiably at him. "Eight to sue the railroad; nine to sue the city."

"You are going to sue the city, too?" he asked feebly.

"It is the city that leave the wy-a-duck wrong, so that the board stick out and hit him when he is on top the car," Mrs. Jensen replied, and with some awkwardness laid the end of her forefinger in her palm by way of emphasis. She had become something of a legal being also.

"Eight sue the railroad, nine sue the city," she repeated, as counsel appeared to need some assistance in grasping the case. "Eight the railroad, nine the city. Four sue the contractor that fixes the wy-a-duck for the city. It is his men that leave the board sticking out."

Counsel rather aimlessly set down nine, eight and four, and added them up without getting the correct sum.

"Three sue Nelson," Mrs. Jensen added calmly, but with a touch of pride, for she appreciated that she was making an impression upon the great man. "He is riding on Nelson's cattle train at the time as a man hired by Nelson."

"But Nelson's foreman gave him the pass to go on the cattle train out of charity," the lawyer suggested.

"It is all the same in law; yes?" she answered, undisturbed.

He put down a three under the other figures and corrected his addition. "So you have twenty-four lawyers, and each is to collect $5000 damages. That would be—a great many thousand dollars." He scarcely trusted himself with anything so complicated as that multiplication.

"Some get little, maybe. Some get nothing at all. Some is rascals and cheat. Some give no money. Some give only five dollars. Your man give fifty. That is the most."

He perceived that she, with simple candor, was putting the case before him as it appeared to her. He could not harden his heart toward her.

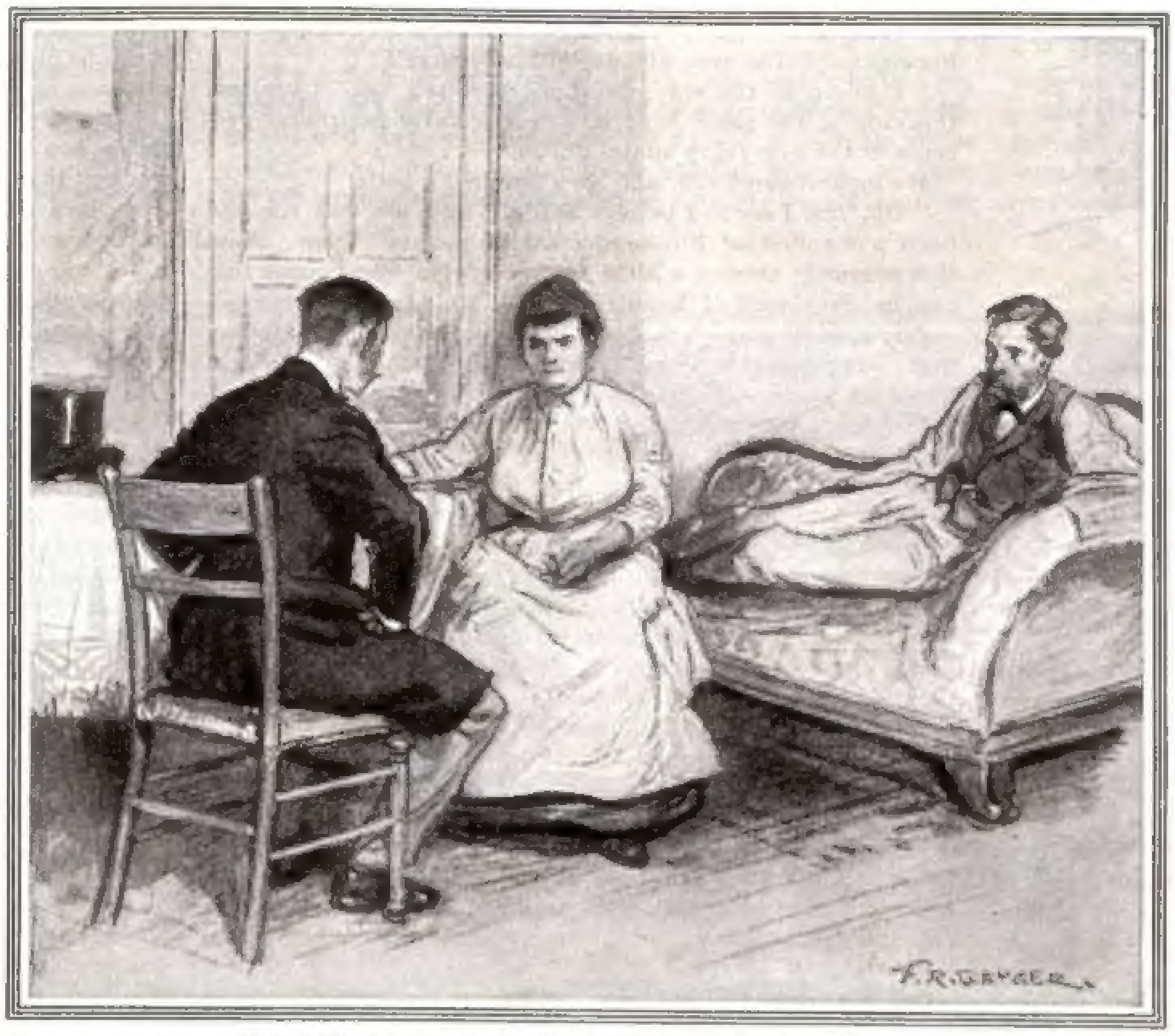
"I will tell you, on my honor," he said kindly but firmly, "you can recover damages only once and from only one person—if you can recover at all—not twenty-four times and from four different persons. If you are ready to go into court with me we will enter judgment against the road for $250. I will pay you the other $200 and you can discharge the judgment in court. That will be all the damages you can collect. We will let these twenty-four gentlemen squabble it out among themselves. But they'll probably be after you."

She shook her head vigorously. "Not in court," she said. "It is no good going in court. I sign the paper here; yes?" She had become quite expert in affixing her signature, and was rather proud of it. "I sign here. Yes? What I sign out of court don't count. It is nothing at all. Going in court makes trouble by the police."

"Who told you that?" he demanded. "Somebody's been telling you what to do. Mrs. Jensen, who gets the money that you have been getting from these people?" He tapped the magic numerals twenty-four.

"Oscar's wife," she answered promptly and energetically; "all. She get all but the fifty dollars."

"Oscar's wife? That's you."



MRS. JENSEN LISTENED WITH HER UNBLINKING GAZE

She considered it a moment. "She speak no English. I speak for her—and sign," she explained simply. "It is all the same. It is between us."

"Then you are not the widow at all—and twenty-four ——"

As she was perfectly serious he gnawed his lip to keep from laughing.

"It is all the same. She speak no English," Mrs. Jensen replied calmly.

Counsel had control of his facial muscles now, so he said gravely: "But don't you see that you deceived these people? You deceived my young man, Mrs. Jensen."

"I told him we ain't made up our minds," she returned candidly. "I say, 'We ain't made up our minds.' He says it don't make no difference at all. He is made up his mind. So it is all right."

"I guess you'd have made up your minds to sue promptly enough when the lawyers got after you for the case," said counsel, a little bitterly—out of his long experience.

"One come before that," she replied, "and I tell him we ain't made up our minds. He says if we ain't made up our minds it is no use to sue."

Counsel puzzled over it. "Made up your minds to what?" he asked at a venture.

"That it is Oscar that is killed," she replied, as simply as before.

"Why, he was identified at the inquest! His brother identified him!" cried counsel, aghast.

"That is my man, Jan," she said. "The pass is in his pocket, so Jan think it is Oscar. But when we look again we ain't sure."

"What resolved your doubt?" counsel demanded breathlessly, scenting a possible collapse of the case. He saw that she did not understand, so tried a simpler form: "When were you sure about it?"

"When Oscar comes back," she answered calmly.

Counsel was conscious of his intellectual limitations.

"Oscar sells the pass to a man in a saloon. He can't remember where," she explained with unruffled candor. "So he comes back. He says if the lawyers will give the money themselves, sure we should take it. He says it ain't their fault he ain't killed, so it is right to take what they will give. The lawyer says it don't make no difference what I sign out of court. It is the same as nothing. Oscar says that is so; but it is bad, like the lawyer says, to sign in court. It makes trouble, maybe, by the police. Oscar says, sure take what they will give. Only," she added, shaking her head vigorously, "he don't get the money no more. He come by Anna when Jan and me is away and get the first fifty dollars. But he don't get no more." She arose to a burst of eloquence. "No, sir! Not by his life! Anna get it—every cent. I tell him good if he come fool around the house again I have the police arrest him for being dead when he ain't. I can do that? Yes?" she inquired.

"You might get Oscar arrested for living under false pretenses," counsel replied vaguely. "But, Mrs. Jensen—did it ever occur to you—do you think it's right to take the money for Oscar's wife when Oscar is alive—and not dead at all?"

"Sure, it is right!" she answered stoutly. "My man Jan say so at first. If Oscar is alive she need the money much more. He is always make expense for her. Oscar is no good. He spend the fifty dollars at horse-races already. She need it much more."

"Of course, if Oscar is alive you can't get any damages from anybody," said counsel. It seemed a pitifully feeble thing to say; but it was all he could find.

Mrs. Jensen considered it a moment, and nodded. "So me and Jan think, maybe," she returned. "If Oscar is alive he come up in court and get the money himself. Yes? Me and Jan think that, too. And we don't care that he gets any money. No, sir! He is no good! So we move back to Pittsburg right away, and he can't bother us no more."

Counsel was conscious of his oath and duty. He comprehended the just grievance of his twenty-four colleagues. But all he said was: "I couldn't advise you, of course—only if it should happen that you moved to Pittsburg—right away—probably it would be the best thing for you."

Road Tests

FROM all over the country, people who want to build roads are sending to the Bureau of Road Inquiry, in Washington, samples of materials, asking that they be tested. The samples are promptly handed over to experts who put them through a variety of trials for the purpose of determining their usefulness. If the substance under consideration is rock a piece of it is ground in a machine to finest powder, mixed with water to a dough, and moulded into the form of a small cylinder. This, when dry, is put beneath a delicate mechanism which causes a weight to fall upon it repeatedly from a height. The number of blows it will endure before breaking determines the "cementing quality" of the material.

When broken rock is put on a road, as in macadamizing, it is soon ground to powder, and when rain falls, if it be the proper sort of stuff, its particles will become cemented together, so that the surface of the road is converted into a solid and permanent pathway for vehicles, off which water runs as from a roof. If, on the other hand, the cementing quality of the material is poor, it will be washed away by the rain and blown away in the form of dust by the wind.

To test the strength of the rock, the experts take another piece of it, and, with the help of a diamond drill, cut out a cylinder an inch in diameter. This they place under the falling weight, letting the latter drop from greater and greater heights until the cylinder splits. Thus they ascertain exactly how much resistance the rock will offer to pounding by horses' hoofs and crushing by wagon-wheels—a question of great importance, inasmuch as the stone-built road, though its surface be converted into a mass of cemented particles, has a foundation of broken rock.

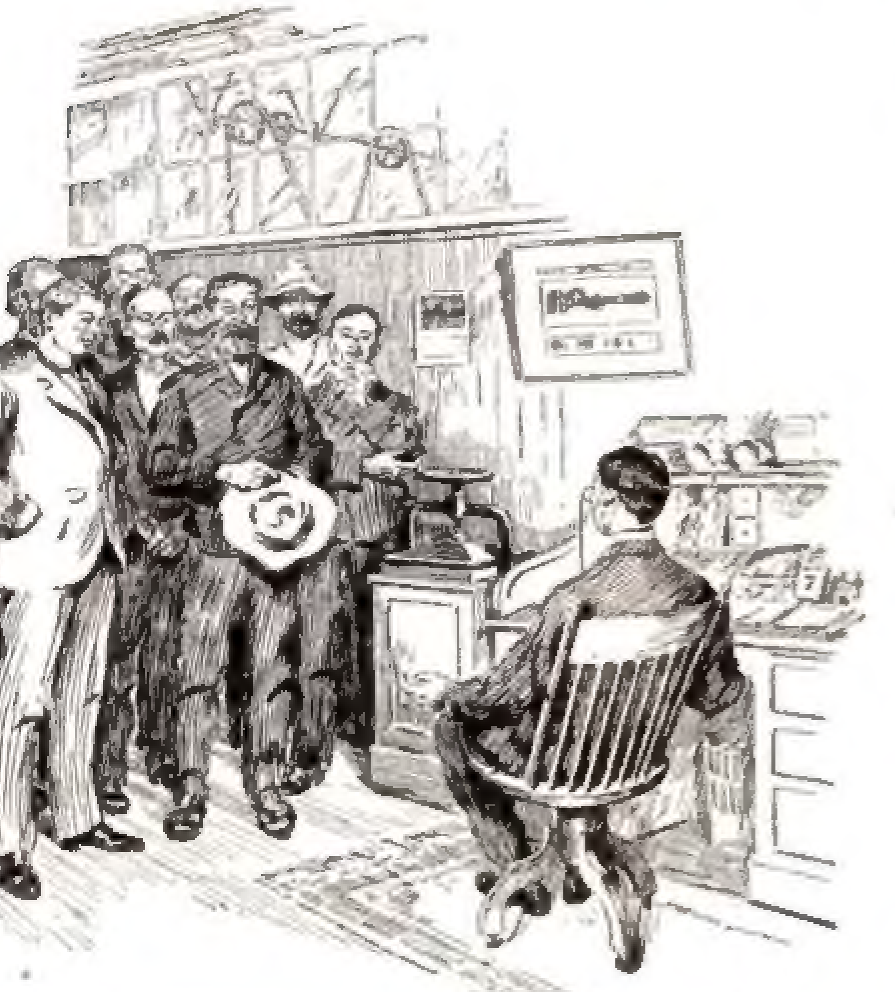
The Road Bureau also tests clays for the making of bricks and pottery, and one thing its experts have ascertained is that the plasticity of certain clays—such as the kind used by sculptors—is due to the fact that they contain numerous tiny particles which become sticky under the action of water.

Incidentally, experiments are being made in the production of concrete fence-posts. It is believed that such posts, of artificial stone, would save the farmers much trouble and money. They could make them in the wintertime, when there is not much else to do, and, once planted in the ground, they would never wear out. The materials used are gravel, sand, cement and water, which are mixed together and moulded in a wooden trough, four thick steel wires being run lengthwise through each post to give strength.

SEEKING INVESTMENT

By GEORGE CARLING

The Promoter's Story



I TOLD THEM THAT
THE COMPANY WAS VERY
DESIROUS OF SHOWING ITS
APPRECIATION OF THEIR PAST FAITHFULNESS

AFTER I had lost my position as stenographer in the Granbury Furniture Company's office I figured up what I was worth, and found that my judicious little deal in the company's stock, together with my savings—I had always been a saving young man—amounted to a little over $3000.

This was a large sum to me, and I commenced to realize the difficulty that capitalists meet with in placing their sacred trusts where they will make good returns: in turning the one talent into ten, as my old employer, President Blinkendorp, used to say. I could have bought out Jogger's little grocery business, which had been my ambition a year before; but I felt little liking for that now, for I argued to myself this way: "Here am I, a young man of industry and financial ability, that's made nearly $3000 in three months, and there's that grocery that doesn't show more profit than that in three years." So I took to walking around the Granbury Hotel until I should accidentally meet Mr. Raddle.

He had been friendly to me in the matter of the Furniture Company, and, although I don't think he was a very moral man, I thought it might do me no great harm to listen to his advice on money matters. "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light."

When I met him he had just parted from some friends who were going over to New York; and he clapped me on the shoulder in his hearty, jolly way and said:

"Hello, Dick! Made that million yet?"

I told him I should like some advice from him on how to get another thousand. He looked at me and laughed.

"Only a thousand, Dick? That won't do—never talk that way, man! Come up and have a drink. I can put you on to something." So we went up to his apartments, and I said I'd have a glass of soda—at which he laughed again.

"'Pon my soul, Dick! I like you. I don't know whether you're playing off, or whether it's straight goods, but you carry it off deucedly well, whichever it is. You'll make a big man some day and have a Bible-class, like our friend, Blinkendorp.

"Now," says he, "you go over to New York and see this man." And he wrote a name and address on a card. "He can give you more points in an hour than I can in a week."

I took the card and read:

ADOLPH LEWES
BROKER
247A VINE STREET, NEW YORK

And I guess I looked a little dubious and hesitating.

"You needn't be afraid of him, Dick; I've spoken to him about you, and he won't skin you; he won't skin any one who goes to him frankly: he'll only tell you how to skin others—see?"

So I went to New York the next day and hunted up Mr. Lewes' office. There was a young man in the outer room, snapping rubber bands at a plaster bust of Jay Gould. He looked me all over with a grin and said:

"I can soak that old railroad buster nine times out of ten when I'm long on rubber." Then he took my name in to the broker.

Mr. Lewes was almost the duplicate of Mr. Raddle. He was frank, jolly, and, as it seemed to me, very careless of what he said; but I noticed in him (and 'twas the same with Mr. Raddle) that he was exceedingly keen and watchful of what *you* said. As the Good Book saith: "As iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend."

"So this is Mr. Richard Dubble! Raddle was telling me last week about your bright little operation with the Granbury Company. Won't smoke, eh?"

I thanked him, and told him why I had come to New York.

"Well, I can put you on to something," he said, puffing his cigar. "The rest will depend on yourself."

"I, being in the way, the Lord directed me," I replied, thinking at the same time how wonderfully Scriptural precepts fit the every-day affairs of life.

He looked surprised, and then laughed a little.

"Oh, yes, I see! I believe Raddle told me that you had been a member of Blinkendorp's Bible-class. Now, about this opening: there's a little factory out in Weybourne that can be developed if handled right. It is a tool factory—makes gimlets and—er—lawn-mowers, and little things like that. The owner has just died, and the outfit can be bought for about $3000—the building is leased."

My heart fell at this. "Why, Mr. Lewes," I said, "I don't know anything about making tools; I was never even inside such a factory."

He broke into a laugh—not the laugh that makes you feel cheap and mean, but one that makes you feel as though something good is back of it.

"My dear Mr. Dubble, you don't need to know anything about that. It is not manufacturing that you are going to make money on, but finance! That's the 'open sesame' to the realms of gold where the talent multiplies itself, not tenfold, but a hundredfold. Now, listen! That tool factory can be made the nucleus of a profitable stock company—that is, profitable to the promoters. I don't mean a very big affair, but a modest little $100,000 company, which you can handle comfortably. You've money enough to secure the business, and the rest is easy. But you'll need something more to talk up on; and the best thing in the world is a patent. Get a patent, and you can form a stock company very easily."

"But what have I got to patent?" I exclaimed. "I don't suppose I could invent a screwdriver if I'd never seen one before."

"That will come in time, my dear Dubble. When you get your overalls on, and are at work among the looms and derricks, or whatever they use in a machine-shop, the patent ideas will come to you like dividends to a Standard Oil investor. In the mean time you might buy a patent; I believe I have the very thing for you." And, taking a paper from a number of others in a pigeonhole, he handed me a printed description and specifications. "That is the Duplex Self-acting Monkey-Wrench. I don't know what a monkey-wrench is, but the description says it's made of iron or steel, so I have no doubt it's a tool."

Now, this was an important matter to me, and as I'd always been pretty handy with tools, I looked over the drawings carefully, and soon saw that it was a complicated thing, and of no more use than a common wrench, and I had to tell Mr. Lewes so.

He grinned a little and said:

"You are hasty! You jump too quickly at conclusions. I repeat that that patent is just what you want; with it you can form your stock company with a capital of $100,000 and move on to success and prosperity."

I'm afraid I showed some little doubt about this, and he went on earnestly:

"You purchase this patent from me—you go to Weybourne and secure the plant. Then you announce that you propose to extend the shop to large capacity, and manufacture your Patent Duplex Self-acting Monkey-Wrench. You use the newspaper—there's a weekly there—and state that, if stock subscriptions are forthcoming, your works will be established, and the prosperity of the little town greatly enhanced. You have some of those delightful heart-to-heart talks with one or two principal men—men of influence and means who are anxious to increase both quickly; point out to them that your works will give needed employment; that it will be a philanthropic action to subscribe for stock—and incidentally mention that they can come in on the ground floor at twenty-five (sure to go to par in a year or two), besides the benefit to the business interests of the town.

"You value your patent at $10,000, and so confident are you that it will be profitable that you are willing to take payment in stock—at twenty-five, of course. You will also turn in your plant at a fair valuation, taking pay also in stock at twenty-five. You will get together $10,000 or so in cash for stock sold at twenty-five, and if you can't build up a business with that and your plant, and pay the small dividend required, your head, my dear Dubble, has not got its proper proportion of gray matter—it should be massaged, or whatever the treatment is in such cases."

"But this patent, Mr. Lewes!" I stammered out. "I can make no money out of it; the tool is not a bit better than a common wrench, and will cost more to make."

"My dear Dubble! Have I not just shown you that you make $10,000 at once out of it? Four hundred shares of stock at twenty-five! When you have got as far as that you can place the patent in your safe, or have it handsomely framed and hung in your office; you have no further need of it. You must use what cash comes into the treasury to develop and increase the little business already established. Work hard; make, or at least pay, good dividends, and soon your stock will go to par, and you'll have $40,000. That's what you can make out of the patent!"

I was speechless when he got through—dumfounded at the magnitude of the operation he proposed, and the matter-of-fact way of it all. But I recalled some articles in my Young Man's Adviser and rose to the occasion. For I argued to myself this way: "Here am I, a young man of enterprise and character and energy and—er—several other things—that was, a short time ago, a poor and humble stenographer, and now the portals of wealth and influence and emolument are open to me. Shall I hesitate? Shall my footsteps falter? No! 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.'"

So I asked him how much I should have to pay for the patent.

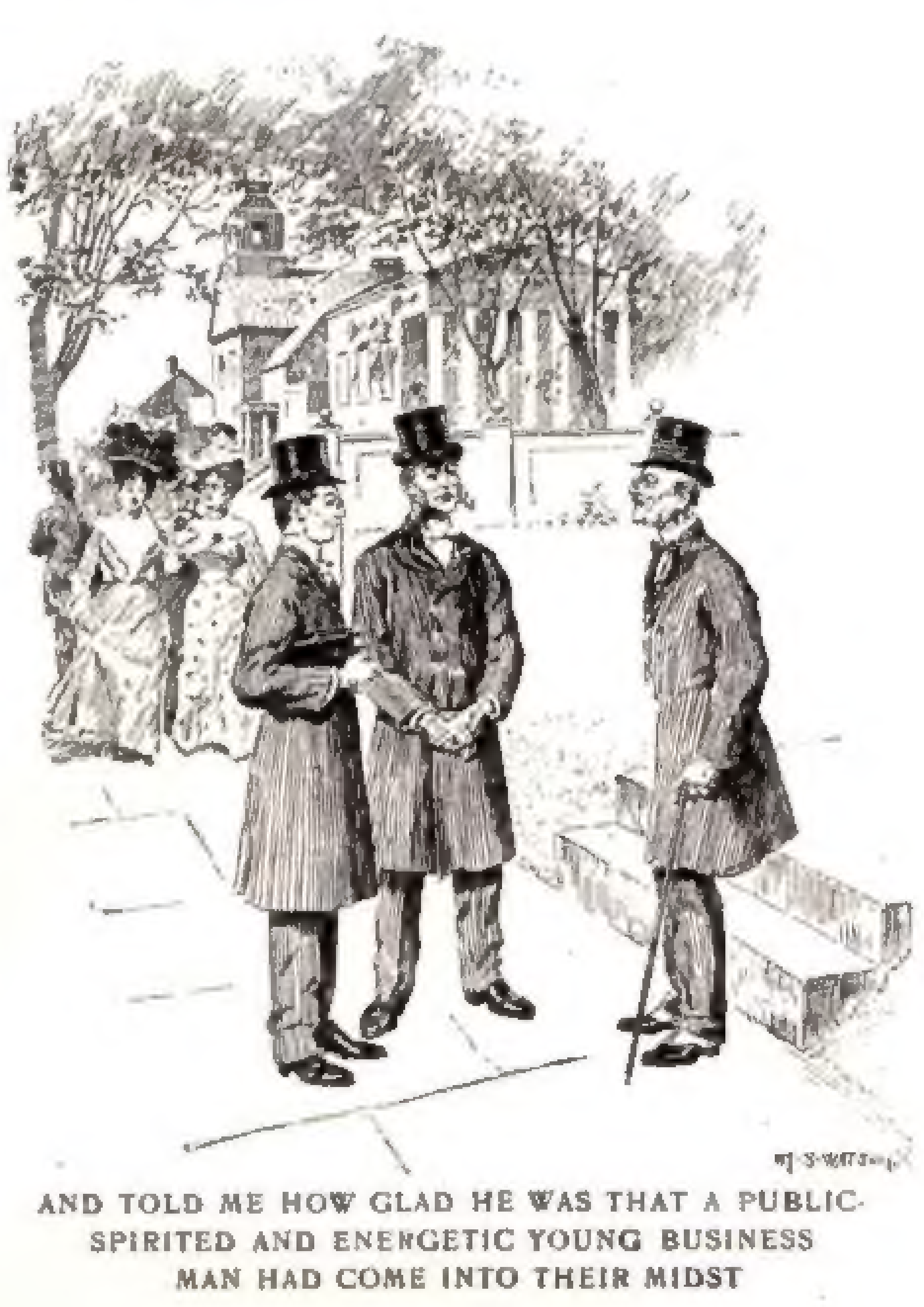
"We'll call it $500," he replied.

I felt much alarmed at this, and told him I didn't think it worth fifty.

"Your business instincts are not fully aroused, Dubble; you don't quite grasp the value of all this. It is true that if a stranger came in here and wanted that patent I should ask him $200—and might take $100; but I am interested in you, my dear fellow, and I've given you $500 worth of advice, and I throw in the patent. Isn't that reasonable?"

It seemed as though it was taking an unfair advantage of me, and I wondered why a young man like me should be made the victim of greed. However, I presently said:

"I suppose you'll take stock in payment?"



AND TOLD ME HOW GLAD HE WAS THAT A PUBLIC-SPIRITED AND ENERGETIC YOUNG BUSINESS MAN HAD COME INTO THEIR MIDST

He laughed heartily at this. "You're developing fast! I can see the budding genius of high finance. Yes! I'll break my business rule and invest $500 in the new company—on the ground floor, of course, at twenty-five."

I dined with him that evening, and he related some wonderful stories of financial operations, which I treasured carefully.

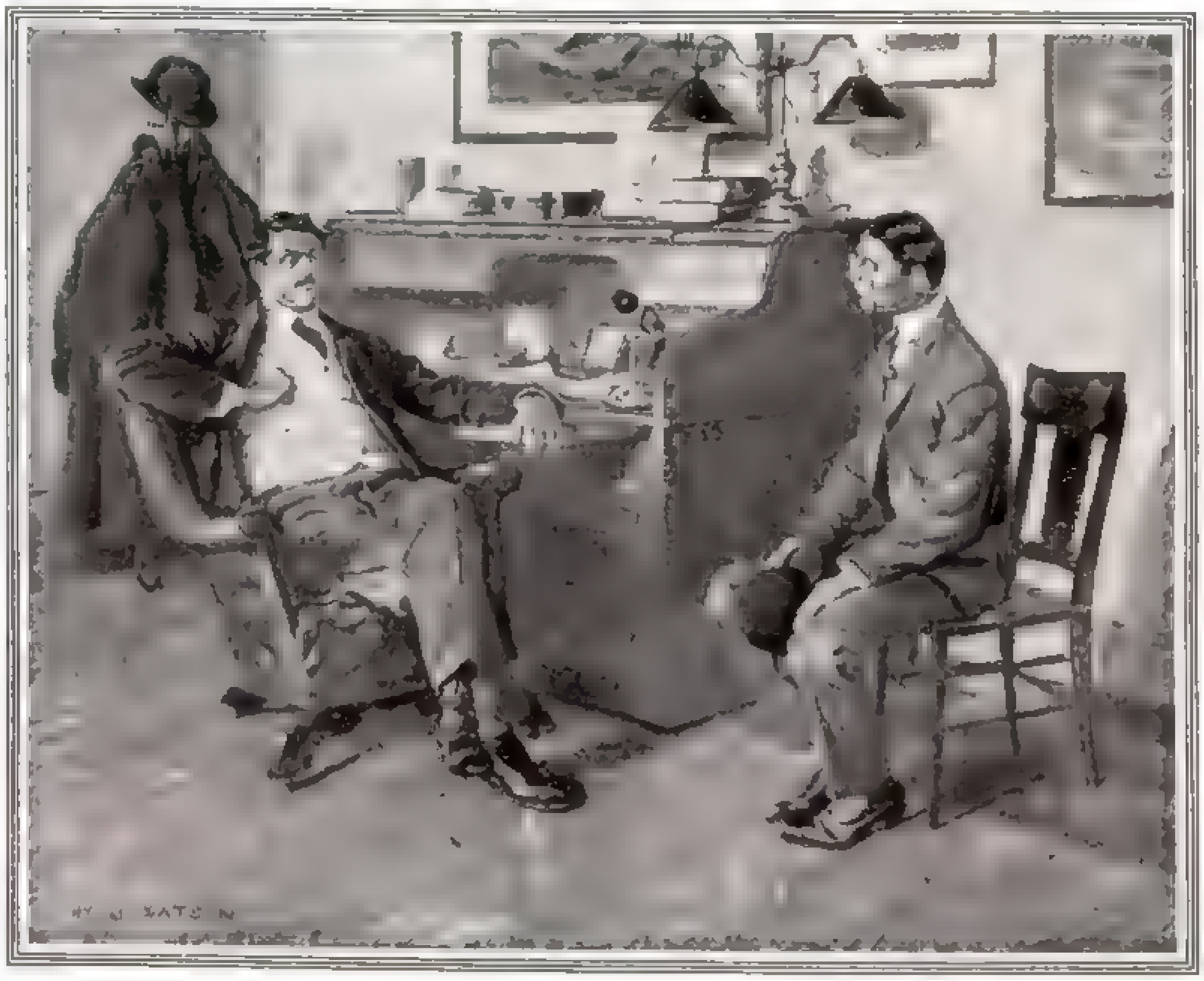
Among other things he told of making a hurried sale of ten or twelve patents for $5000 to the agents of a certain company, which afterward, upon the formation of a trust, turned them in at a valuation of $150,000'

"But how could the other parties to the trust be such fools as to allow that?" I asked.

"They were all in the same boat," replied Lewes; "all had patents, or franchises, or any old things that they wanted to call assets and write stock upon, and then sell that stock to the public; and the only disputes they had on the matter were in taking care that one party did not turn in more of these tin-plated assets than the others."

I had drunk one small glass of wine so as not to appear unsociable and ungrateful to him, and I fear this made me very reckless, for I asked him how much those patents cost him. But he was not offended, and replied:

"Well, some of the inventors were dead—others were dead-broke. The latter were very much surprised and very much pleased to realize fifty per cent. of the Government fees. I am a most philanthropic man, Dubble and really should receive credit as a public benefactor. There s no man gives so much pleasure when he makes a purchase as I do; and no man confers so much benefit when he makes a sale."



HE WAS FRANK, JOLLY, AND VERY CARELESS OF WHAT HE SAID; BUT I NOTICED IN HIM THAT HE WAS EXCEEDINGLY KEEN AND WATCHFUL OF WHAT *YOU* SAID

"It seems a strange business to drift into," I said again, boldly

"Drift is scarcely the right word," replied the broker, settling himself more comfortably in his chair. "It was the direct outcome of my natural disposition to benefit my fellowmen—of course, coupled with some little disposition to benefit myself, as well.

"It commenced when I was on the road, selling the Imperial Non-rustable, Non-breakable and Non deformable Corset, and doing a rushing trade. A poor devil in Columbus, who owed us a bill, failed, and when I called on him I soon saw that the percentage we'd get wouldn't pay for many of the Non-rustables. He was pretty badly cut up, and I said what little I could to cheer him. You see, he was a bright enough fellow, but he had been dabbling in some outside matters and so ran himself aground. But I felt sure that if he could get his discharge and have another chance he'd get along all right.

"But his affairs showed badly. Among his assets he had $2000 in some stock company that wasn't worth as many cents; and I remarked that that stock would show where some of the money had gone 'Yes!' he replied, 'and if I had more of it I'd have more to show!'

"Now, there was something in that remark which impressed me, and when I reached Cincinnati I looked up an old friend who had formerly been pretty deep in some mining scheme that had gone flat. I got hold of $10,000 of the stock by the judicious selection of a box of cigars, and mailed the block to our Columbus friend, telling him to put them with his assets, and be comforted. He got his discharge, and later got on his feet; and I take much pleasure in adding that, still later, he sent me a check for $100.

"That's how it started, friend Dubble; that showed me that there was money in it for me, as well as comfort for the other fellows. After that I picked up any old worthless stocks, or notes, or patents that I ran across, and found no difficulty in disposing of them to unfortunate fellows who saw the embracing arms of the Bankruptcy Court stretching out toward them, and who were unable or unwilling to show where the bulk of their assets had been absorbed. Soon I found so much demand for my good offices that I severed my connection with the 'Non-rustables' and settled in New York, and I flatter myself that, as a mixture of philanthropy and percentage, the business stands on a par with Standard Oil."

"A sort of Resurrection Agency for Defunct Stocks," said I, for I was feeling quite merry.

"Yes, that's pretty lucid," he replied, and then, as I rose to leave: "Good luck to you!" he continued. "If you want a thousand or so in cash come and see me. I'm willing to put up when there's a chance to double every year or so; that's the kind of profit we're after. Men of large capital can live on six or eight per cent.—or both. We little fellows must do better than that. Get stock certificates printed at a dollar a hundred and run them up to $100 apiece—eh? It's all in the dividends, my dear Dubble. Never lose sight of that! The great financial authorities all say so; so, pay dividends, my boy! Never mind how. Simply pay them!"

So I went over to Weybourne with my little capital and looked over the tool factory. As I had told Lewes, I knew nothing about such matters, but I spent some time examining the machines, salesbooks and so forth—and I spent still more time in looking around the little town and learning what I could about its business men, as I was naturally more interested in the chances of selling stock than in making gimlets and things like that. Finally, after a good deal of bargaining, I bought the business and tools for $2500, went back to New York, and formed the company with Lewes and Raddle

We issued 1000 shares at $100 par value, and I took 400 for the patent and 100 for the factory; and Raddle bought 100 shares—at twenty-five, of course—which left us 400 shares in the treasury

When I returned to Weybourne I told Santer, who was foreman of the shop, to keep things running in good shape for the present and that very soon I should have a much larger plant for him to handle

Of course he spread this talk, and I also took care that the Weybourne Reflector had plenty of news to publish about the patent and its great prospects. I missed no service at the church, was careful to have a five-dollar bill in my vest pocket for the collection-box, and very shortly the old minister, Mr. Wently, stopped me on the street and told me how glad he was that a public-spirited and energetic young business man had come into their midst, and how still more thankful he was that my actions showed me to be a Christian young man.

All this was very gratifying, indeed, and I afterward sold him twenty shares of stock at par.

Then I got acquainted with Mr. Riddaugh. He was the wealthiest man of the place, and, having heard a good deal about him, I was not surprised to find him exceedingly shrewd and keen; but I talked to him with the same frankness which had so impressed me with Raddle and Lewes. I told him just what our plans were—that he could come in on the ground floor at twenty-five, and with the help of this valuable patent we could soon place that stock at par. He hesitated a good deal, but I hinted that my New York associates were thinking it better to move the tools to Hanchester, where shipping facilities were better; and as the old gentleman had a lot of rented houses in Weybourne this decided him, and he agreed to put in $5000, providing the works were kept at Weybourne and his son made secretary and treasurer.

After this I had no trouble, as Mr. Riddaugh's example was thought a good one to follow, and the storekeepers and others took up small blocks of stock, tempted by the low price, so that soon there were but 100 shares left in the treasury

Truly, diligence and an earnest purpose will accomplish all things. We now had $10,000 in the treasury, and my task of earning dividends on $100,000 of stock was begun. I interviewed the foreman and planned with him for some additions to the equipment. Most of the machines we had needed repairing greatly, and this led to a difficulty with the bookkeeper—young Chisholm.

I directed him to charge these repairs to the construction account, and he had the audacity to argue with me, and insist that they should go to the expense account.

But I argued to myself this way: "It's going to be very hard work to make a good showing of profit on $100,000 with this small plant, and if we charge this expense to the construction account it swells our assets just so much, which will be a pleasure and encouragement to the stockholders."

So I discharged Chisholm and took on a young fellow who had no such ridiculous scruples, and, by this step, I also saved a very considerable amount of salary. I found this young man had read, and profited by, the excellent admonitions so freely given by large employers—that implicit obedience and a faithful, never-sleeping interest in your master's business are essential to success—yet even he asked me for an increase of salary before we had paid our second annual dividend!

Young Riddaugh made a very comfortable treasurer, as I had expected. He was an easy-going youth, of no business experience, and no doubt his father had thought this a good starting-point for him. So I soon had things moving along smoothly, and I then lowered my dignity as president and went over the road to look up the customers—mainly for reasons which will afterward appear

We picked up some fair trade and got out a few of the patent wrenches, so as to have some lying around the office when any stockholder came in. I very soon perceived that I should have to raise Satter's wages, or let him go; and I didn't want to do either, so I diligently sought for light on the subject.

Finally, I sent for him and all the men, and told them that the company was very desirous of showing its appreciation of their past faithfulness, and also of increasing their interest in the future. It wanted them and their families to feel a share in its prosperity—a prosperity which depended entirely upon their own never-ceasing vigilance and steady application to work. To this end we had decided on a profit-sharing plan. We would sell to any of them one or more shares of stock at par—twenty five per cent. to be paid in cash, and the balance by the dividends as they accrued, which dividends were expected to reach eight or ten per cent. before long.

This idea struck the men very favorably, and they soon brought in their savings and took up as many shares as they could. By this plan I got rid of the unsold stock, and kept the men satisfied with their pay, and also secured more work and careful economy. If I were not so modest I should refer to this as one of the brightest strokes in my career, and I feel that by pursuing such a liberal policy as this I have acquired my position among captains of industry and magnates of finance

In spite, however, of all these favorable conditions, I foresaw, when a half-year had passed, that we should not be able to earn much of a dividend. It would take $6000 to pay six per cent. on our stock, and our earnings would hardly reach $3000. So I went to New York and laid my plan before Lewes and Raddle, and they heartily agreed to it. We figured that a six per cent. dividend on our combined stock would amount to $3600; so we made up that sum between us, and placed it in Lewes' hands. He then ordered a car or two of steel, and some other miscellaneous material, such as we were constantly using, and this was delivered at our shop at intervals and worked up—but the bills were paid by Lewes and, of course, never appeared on the company's books.

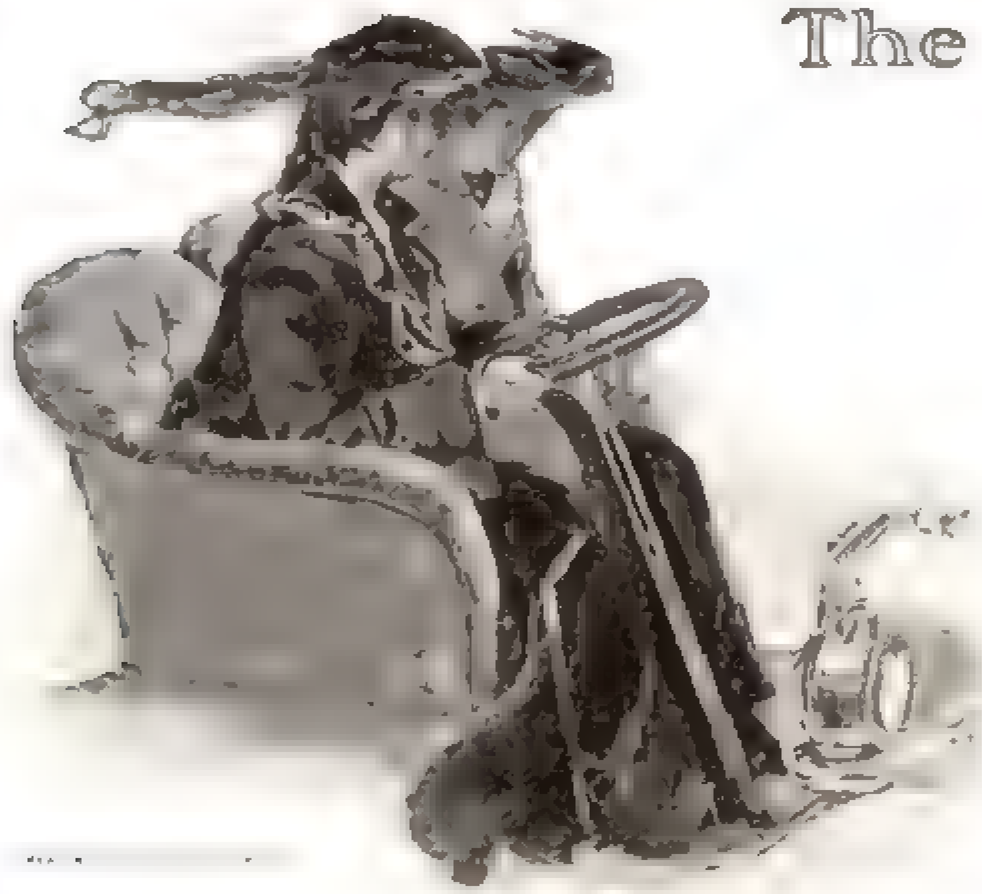
By this simple and ingenious plan that material was clear gain to the company, and the profits were increased by so much. Of course, no one at Weybourne knew anything of the operation, as young Riddaugh was very indifferent and unobserving, and cared nothing about what came into the shop

A dividend of six per cent. was accordingly declared at the end of the year, and I was highly complimented by old Mr. Riddaugh and the other stockholders on my excellent management.

(Concluded on Page 24)

A SOCIAL SECRETARY

The Commentaries of a Cæsar in Skirts



"WELL, GUS, HAS THAT WILD MAN TOLD YOU?"

JANUARY 12.—We are all sleeping so badly. Even the Senator, whom nothing has ever before kept from his "proper rest," is complaining of wakefulness. Suppers every night either here or elsewhere, the house never quiet until two or three in the morning, all of us up at eight—Cyrus often at seven because he rides a good deal, and the early morning is the only time when any one in Washington in the season can find time to ride. "It's worse than the Wilderness campaign," said Mr. Burke, who was a lieutenant in the war. "For now and then, between battles and skirmishes, we did get plenty of sleep. This is a continuous battle, day and night, week in and week out, with no let-up for Sundays." And Mrs. Burke—poor "ma!" How hollow-eyed and sagged-cheeked she is getting with the real season less than two weeks old—she says: "I wouldn't treat a dog as I treat myself. I no sooner get to sleep than they wake me. I think the servants just delight to wake me, and I don't blame them, for they're worse off than we are, though I do try to be as easy on them as possible." She doesn't know how many long naps they take while she's dragging herself from place to place.

On our way to the White House to a musicale she fell asleep. As we rolled up to the entrance I had to wake her. She came to with a sort of groan and gave a ludicrously pitiful glance at the attendant who was impatiently waiting for us to descend and clear the way. "Oh, Lord!" she muttered. "I was dreaming I was in bed, and it ain't so. Instead, I've got to enjoy myself." And then she gave a dreary laugh.

"Ma" Burke dozed through the musicale with a pleasant smile on her large face and her head keeping time to the music. When we spoke to the President and he said he hoped she'd enjoyed herself, she drawled: "I did that, Mr. President! I only wish it had been longer—I'm 'way behind on sleep." He laughed uproariously. It's the fashion to laugh at everything "ma" says now, because the German ambassador tells every one what a wit she is. And who'd fail to laugh at wit admired by an ambassador?

Writing about sleep has driven off my fit of wakefulness. I'll only add that Lu Frayne's in town, working day and night to get her husband transferred from San Francisco to the War Department here. I think she'll win out, as she's got two Senators who've been bothering the President by acting queerly lately. It's too funny! When the new Administration came every one was scared because the rumor got round that he was going to give us a repetition of the Cleveland régime. But there was nothing in it; the only "pulls" that have failed to work are those that were strong with the last Administration, and there's a whole crop of new pulls. Well, at least, the right sort of people, those who have family and position, are getting their rights to preference as they never did before. We've not had many Presidents who knew the right sort of people even when they've been willing to please them, if they could pick them out.

What a changed Washington it is. So many formalities, so many rich people; so many rich men, and men of family and position in office; so many big, fine houses and English and French servants. "Such a stylishness!"

JANUARY 14.—Our first big dance last night—I mean, formal dance to show our strength. Everybody was here, and the dinner beforehand and the supper afterward and all the mechanical arrangements, so to speak, were perfect. The ballroom was a sight—even "Ma" Burke, tired to death, perked up. Almost all the diplomats, except those nobody asks, were there. And I don't think more than thirty people we hadn't invited ventured to come. We were all so excited that, after the last people had gone, we sat round for nearly an hour. "Ma" Burke took me in her arms and kissed me. "It was your ball," said she. "But then, everything we get credit for is all yours, ain't it, pa?"

"Miss Talltowers has certainly done wonderfully," said "pa" in his cautious, judicial way. Then he seemed ashamed of himself, as if he had been ungenerous, and shook hands with me and added: "Thank you, thank you, Miss Augusta—if you'll permit me the liberty of calling you so."

"I never expected to see as pretty a girl as you bothering to have brains," Mrs. Burke went on to say. And for the first time in weeks and weeks it occurred to me that I did have a personal existence apart from my work—the books and bookkeeping, the servants and the housekeeper, who is only one more to fuss with, the tradespeople, and musicians, and singers, and florists, and—it makes my head whirl to try to recall the awful list.

"She won't be pretty very long," said Cyrus—he's taking lessons of his mother and is dropping his fancy-work speech and his "made-in-Germany" manners—"if she don't stop working day *and* night."

"Oh, I'm amusing myself," replied I; but I was reminded how weary I felt, and went away to bed. I neglected to close my sitting-room door, and as I was getting ready for bed in my dressing-room I couldn't help overhearing a scrap of talk between Cyrus and Mr. Gunton as they went along the hall on the way to their apartments.

"The Tevises were disgusting—they showed their envy so plainly," Cyrus said. The Tevises are trying hard to do what we're doing in the social way, and though they must have even more money than the Burkes, they're failing at it.

"They'll never get anywhere," Mr. Gunton replied. "You can't collect much of a crowd of nice people just to watch you spend money. You've got to give them a real show. There's where Miss Talltowers comes in."

"She has wonderful taste and originality," said Cyrus Cyrus.

Mr. Gunton sat out most of the evening with Nadeshda. I suppose she was trying to make Cyrus jealous, and also to create trouble between him and his uncle. I've not seen a franker flirtation even in Washington. Whenever I chanced to look at them Mr. Gunton was talking earnestly, and she seemed to be hanging to his words like a thirsty bird to a water pan. And her queer, subtle face was—well, it was beautiful, and gave me that sense of the wild and fierce and uncanny which makes her both fascinating and terrible. I think Mr. Gunton was infatuated—indeed, I know it. For when I spoke of her to him this morning his eyes seemed to blaze. He drew a long breath. "A wonder-woman!" he said. "I never saw anything like her—in the flesh." Then he looked a little sheepish, and added: "I mean it, but I laugh at myself, too. There are fools that don't know they're fools; then, there are fools that do know it and laugh at themselves as they plan fresh follies—it takes a pretty clever man, Miss Talltowers, to make a grand, supreme, rip-roaring ass of himself, doesn't it? At least, I hope so." And with that somewhat mysterious observation he left me abruptly.

When I saw him and Nadeshda together so much at the ball I looked out for Cyrus. He seemed bored, and devoted himself to wallflowers, but on the whole was surprisingly unconcerned, apparently. I had him in sight almost the whole evening. Jim Lafollette, who stuck to my train like a Japanese poodle—I told him so, but he didn't take the hint—said that "that gawk," meaning Cyrus, was hanging round me. "He's moonstruck," said Jim. "So your little put-up job with Jessie seems to be doing nicely, thank you." I wonder why a man assumes that the fact that he loves a woman gives him the right to insult her and makes it his duty to do it. And I wonder why we women assent to that sort of impudence. There's another conventionality that ought to be stamped out.

I find I was a little too hasty in my judgment of Cyrus. He's a lot more of a man than he led me to suppose at first. I think he could be licked into shape. He ought to hunt up some widow or married woman older than himself and go to school a while. But perhaps Nadeshda will do as well.

JANUARY 17.—There were thirty-two at Senator Burke's "little informal breakfast" yesterday morning, including four of the leading Senators, two members of the Cabinet, an ambassador and three ministers, several generals, half a dozen distinguished strangers, four or five big financial men from New York who are here on "private business" with Congress, and not a man who doesn't count for something except that wretched little Framstern who never misses anything free. And our regular weekly informal dance was an equal success in its way. Senator Ritchie told me it was amazing how Burke had forged to the front in influence and in popularity. "And now that the newspapers have begun to take him up he'll soon be standing out before the whole country." So my little suggestions about the wives and families of correspondents of the big papers, which the Burkes adopted, is bearing fruit. And Mrs. Burke is so genuinely friendly and hospitable that, really, I've only to suggest her being nice to somebody to set her to work. If she were the least bit of a fraud I'd not dare suggest the things I do—she'd only get into trouble.

JANUARY 18.—I was breakfasting alone in my sitting-room this morning—I always do an hour or so of work before I touch anything to eat—when Mr. Gunton sent asking if he might join me. I was glad to have him. His direct way is attractive, and he never talks without saying at least a few things I haven't heard time and again. He was in riding clothes, and as soon as I looked at him I saw he had something on his mind.

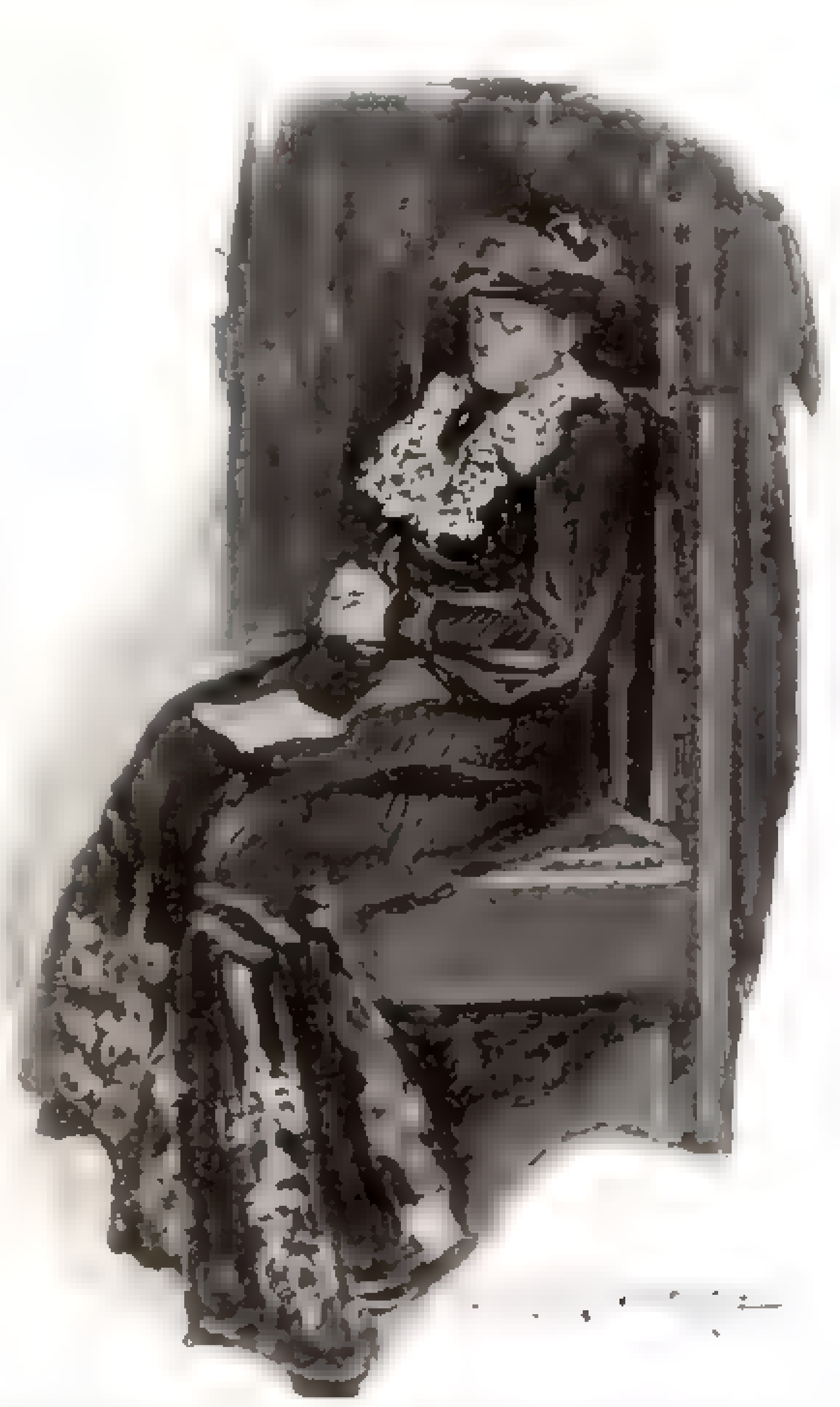
"Good ride?" said I.

He made an impatient gesture—whenever he has anything to say and doesn't know how to begin, the way to start him off is to make some commonplace remark. It acts like a blow that knocks in the head of a full barrel. "I was out with the Baroness Daragane," he said—"with Nadeshda."

"And Cyrus?" said I.

He looked at me in astonishment, then laughed queerly. "Oh, bother!" he exclaimed. "Cyrus doesn't disturb himself about *her*, or she about him—and you know it. Miss Talltowers, I love her—and she loves me."

His tone was convincing. But, after the first shock, I couldn't believe anything so preposterous. And I felt sorry for him—an honest, straight man, inexperienced with women, a fine mixture of gentleness and roughness, at once too much and too little of a gentleman for Nadeshda. If I had dared I should have tried to undeceive him. But I'm not so stupid as ever to try to make a person in love see the truth about the person he or she is in love with. So I simply said: "She is a most fascinating woman."



"MA" BURKE DOZED THROUGH THE MUSICALE WITH A PLEASANT SMILE ON HER LARGE FACE

"You think I'm a fool," he went on as if I hadn't spoken. "And I am—a blankety-blank fool. Did you see her night before last in that dress of silver spangles like the wonderful skin of some amazing serpent? Did you see her eyes—her hair—the way her arms looked—as if they could wind themselves round a man's neck and choke him to death while her eyes were fooling him into thinking that such a death was greater happiness than to live?" He rolled this all out, then burst into a queer, crazy laugh. "You see, I'm a lunatic!" he said

"Yes, I see it," I replied cheerfully. "But why do you rave to me?"

"Because I—we—have got to tell somebody, and you're the only person in Washington that I know that's both sensible and experienced, wise enough to understand, beautiful enough to sympathize, and young enough to encourage."

That was rather good flattery for a man who has had less than a month's real experience with women, wasn't it? I recognized Nadeshda's handiwork, and admired.

"Miss Talltowers," he went on, "I am going to make a fool of myself, and she's going to help me."

"In what particular sort of folly are you about to embark?" said I.

"We're going to marry," he replied. "We've *got* to marry. I'm afraid of her and she's afraid of me, and we'll either have Heaven or the other place when we do marry—perhaps big doses of each alternately. But we've got to do it."

"You know it's impossible," said I "Under the laws of her country she mayn't marry without the consent of her parents. And they'd never consent."

"Certainly they won't," said he, "unless you can suggest some way of getting the ambassador and his wife round. We want to give her people a chance." This with perfect coolness. I began to believe that there must be something in it. "Does Nadeshda know you aren't rich?" I asked

"She knows I have practically nothing. In fact, I told her I had less than I have."

"And you're sure she wishes to marry you?"

"Ask her."

He was quiet a while, then raved about her for ten minutes, begged me to do my best thinking, and left me. I felt dazed. I simply couldn't believe it. And the longer I thought the more certain I was that she was making some sort of grand play in coquetry, which seemed ridiculous enough when I considered what small game Mr. Gunton is from the standpoint of a woman like Nadeshda

In the afternoon I was in a flower store on Pennsylvania Avenue, and Nadeshda joined me. If anything her surface was cooler and subtler and more cynical than usual. "Send away your cab," said she, "and let me take you in my auto—wherever you wish."

As I was wild with curiosity, I accepted instantly. When we were under way she gave me a strange smile—a slow parting of the lips, a slow half-closing and elongation of her Eastern eyes which she inherits from a Russian grandmother, I believe. "Well, Gus," she said, "has that wild man told you?"

"Yes; and you ought to be ashamed of yourself," said I, a little indignantly. "It isn't fair to coax an innocent into *your* sort of game and fleece him of his little all."

She laughed—beautiful white teeth, cruel like her red lips. "It's all true—all he told you," she said. "On my honor."

"Do you love him, Nadeshda—really?"

She quite closed her eyes and said in a strange, slow undertone, "He's my master. The blood in my veins flowed straight from the savage wilderness. And he comes from there, and I don't dare disobey him. I'd do anything he said. And when we're married I'll never glance at another man—if he saw me he'd kill me. Ah, you don't understand—you're too—too civilized. Now, I think I should love him better if he'd beat me."

I laughed—it was too ridiculous, especially as she was plainly in earnest. She laughed, too, and added: "I think some day I'll try to make him do it. He's afraid of me, too. And he may well be, for I—well, he belongs to *me*, you see, and I *will* have what's mine!"

"Do you believe us?" she asked, a moment later.

"Yes, I do," said I. "And I apologize to you. I've thought of you as—fascinating, of course, but—mercenary."

"Ah, but so I am!" she exclaimed. "It breaks my heart to marry this poor man—and of such a vulgar family—even among you funny Americans. But"—she threw up her arms and her shoulders and let them drop in a gesture of tragi-comic helplessness—"I must have him."

The last thing she said to me was: "Do you know when we became engaged? Listen! It was the first time we met—after three hours. After one hour he made me insult the men who came up to claim dances. After two hours he made me say, 'I love you.' After three hours—it was on the way down to my carriage—he asked me to come into the little reception-room by the entrance. And he closed the door and caught me in his arms and kissed me. 'That makes you my wife!' he said in a *dreadful* voice—oh, it was—*magnifique!*—and he said, 'Do you understand?' And"—she smiled ravishingly and nodded her head—"I understood. That's all."

I sha'n't sleep a wink to-night.

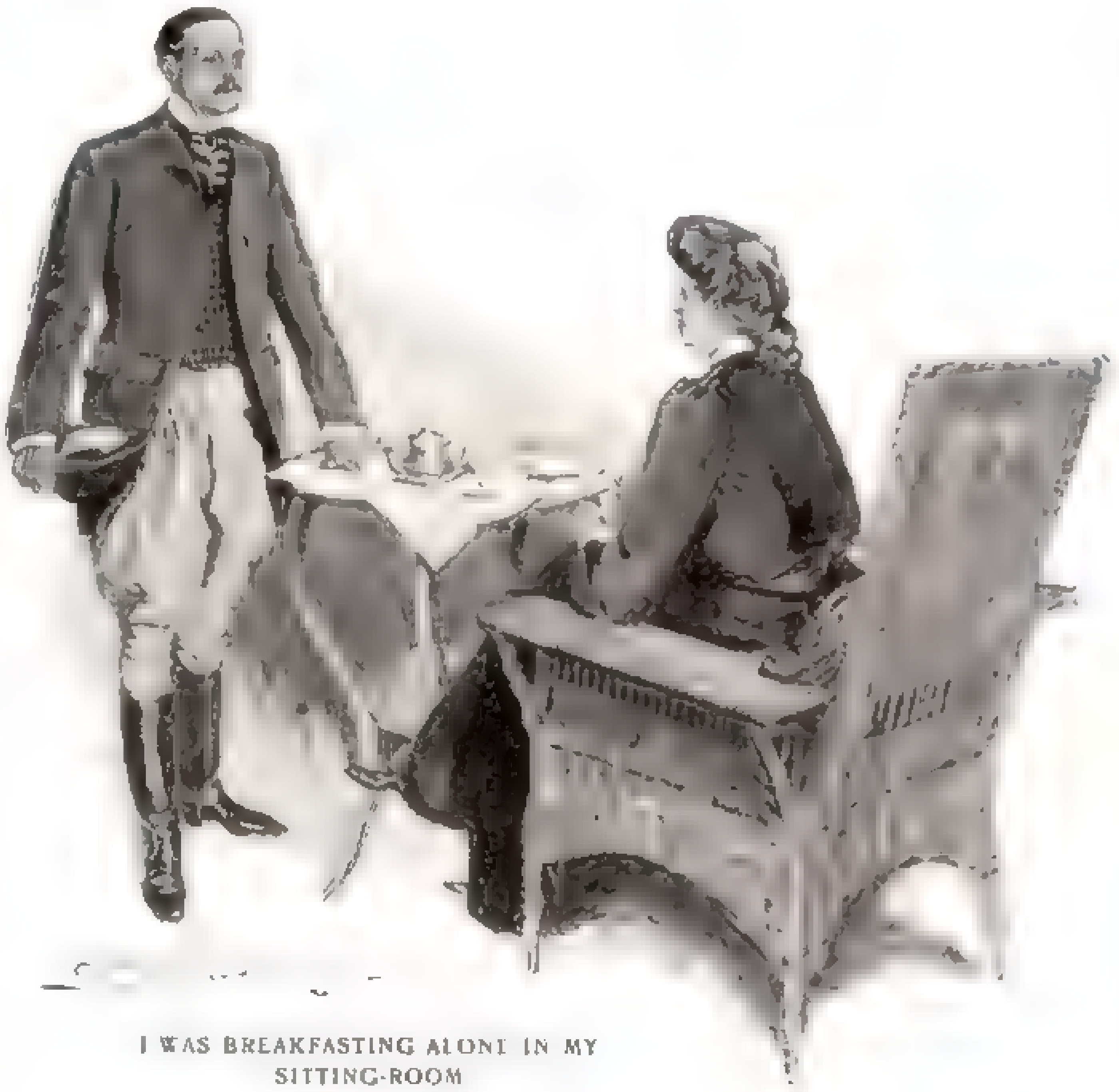
JANUARY 20.—I wish they hadn't told me. If ever a man loves me and wants to win me he must be—well, perhaps not exactly *that*, but certainly not tame. I'm not a bit like Nadeshda, but I do hate the tame sort. I know what's the matter with me now. Yes, I wish they hadn't told me.

JANUARY 21.—Robert and Nadeshda have told "Ma" Burke. She is—*delighted!* "I never heard of the likes," she said to me, all in a quiver. "I wish I'd known there were such things. I reckon I'd 'a' made my Tom cut a few capers before he got *me*." And then she laughed until she cried. It certainly was droll to picture "pa" capering in the Robert Nadeshda fashion.

She went to the embassy and told Nadeshda's sister, Madame l'Ambassadrice. "She let on as if she was just tickled to death," she reported to me a few minutes after she returned. "And when I told her that we—Tom and I—would do handsomely by Nadeshda as soon as they were married she had tears in her eyes. But I don't trust her—nor any other foreigner."

"Not even Nadeshda?"

"Ma" nodded knowingly. "I reckon Bob'll keep her on the chalk," she replied. "He's started right, and in marriage, as in everything else, it's all in the start."



I WAS BREAKFASTING ALONE IN MY SITTING-ROOM

JANUARY 22.—Nadeshda wants Mrs. Burke to give a big costume ball, but I've sat on it hard. "I don't think you want to do that, Mrs. Burke," said I. "If this were New York it wouldn't matter so much, though I don't think really nice people with means do that sort of thing there Here I'm afraid it'd make you very unpopular."

"Do you think so?" said she. "Now, I'd 'a' said it was just the sort of foolishness these people'd like."

"Those who have money would," I replied. "But how about those who haven't? Don't you think that people of large means ought to make it a rule never to cause any expense whatever to those of their friends and acquaintances who haven't means?"

"Don't say another word!" she exclaimed, seeing my point instantly. "Why, it'd be the worst thing in the world Out home I've always been careful about those kind of things, but on here I don't know the people, and am liable to forget how they're circumstanced. They all seem so prosperous on the surface. I reckon there's a lot of miserable pinching and squinching when the blinds are down"

Cyrus came in just then, and she told him all about it.

Presently he went out and must have gone straight to his father—probably to remonstrate, though I may wrong him. For, after a few minutes, the Senator came. "My son has just been telling me," he said to me, "and I agree with you entirely. It would be ruinous politically. As it is, if it hadn't been for you we'd never have been able to keep both the official and the fashionable sets in a good humor with us." I never saw him so "flustered" before.

"What are you talking about, pa?" inquired Mrs. Burke.

"About the costume ball you were thinking of giving."

Mrs. Burke smiled. "You'd better go back to your cage," said she. "That's settled and done for long ago."

"Pa" looked more uneasy than his good-natured tone seemed to justify—but, no doubt, he knows when he has put his foot into it. He "faded" from the room. When she heard his study door close "ma" said to me in a complacent voice: "There's nothing like keeping a man always to his side of the fence. When 'pa' began to get rich I saw trouble ahead, for he was showing signs that he was thinking himself right smart better than the common run, and that he was including his wife in the common run. I took Mr. Smartie Burke right in hand. And so with him it's never been 'I' in this family, but 'we.' And keeping it so has made Tom lots happier than he would 'a' been lording it over me and having no control on his foolishness anywhere."

JANUARY 24.—The whole town is talking about Nadeshda. People think she's crazy. When Cyrus said this to me I said: "And I think they are—at least, delirious"

"A divine delirium, though," he replied, much to my astonishment. For he's never shown before that he had so much as a spot of that sort of thing in him. But then, I'm beginning to revise my judgment of him in some ways. He is much nearer what his mother said he was than what I thought him. But he's young and crude. I find that he likes the same composers and writers that I do. I can forgive much to any one who realizes what a poet Browning was—when he did write poetry, not when he wrote the stuff for the Browning clubs to fuddle with.

Nadeshda is in the depths—except when Robert is by to hypnotize her. "I was so strong," she said pathetically to me to-day, "or I thought I was. And now I'm all weakness" She went on to tell me how horribly they are talking to her at the embassy—for they are determined she sha'n't marry "that nobody with nothing." I always knew her brother-in-law was a snob of the cheapest and narrowest kind—which is the well-born, well bred kind. But I had no idea he was a coward to boot. He threatens to have the Emperor make her come home and go into a convent if she doesn't break off the engagement within a week.

We are tremendously popular. Everybody is cultivating us, hoping to find out the real inside of this incredible engagement. And the ambassador has to pretend publicly that he's personally wild with delight, and hopes Nadeshda's parents will consent. He knows how unpopular it would make him and his country with America if his opposition and his reason for it were to be known.

JANUARY 30.—Nadeshda has disappeared. They give out at the embassy that she has left for home to consult with her parents. Robert looks like a man who had gone stark mad and knew it, and was fighting to keep himself from showing it to others.

We were all at the ball at the French embassy, Mr. and Mrs. Burke dining there. I dined at the White House—a literary affair. The conversation was about what you might expect when a lot of people get together to show how brilliant they are. The President talked a great deal. He has very positive opinions on literature in all its branches. I was the only person at the table who wasn't familiar with his books. Fortunately, I wasn't cornered. Cyrus came to the ball from Mrs. Dorringer's, where he took in the Duchess d'Emarre. "She has a beautiful face in repose," he said to me as he paused for a moment, "and it's not at all pretty when she talks. So she listened well."

I was too tired to dance, as were the others. We went home together, all depressed. "It's too ridiculous, this kind of life," said "Ma" Burke, "and the most ridiculous part of it is that, now we're hauled into it and set a-going, we'll never get out and be sensible again. It just shows you can get used to anything in this world—except doing as you please. I don't believe anybody was ever satisfied to do that." She sighed and said to me, "Did you ever wear a Mother Hubbard? *There's* comfort!"

I can think of nothing but Robert and Nadeshda. Is it possible that they have some sort of an understanding? No—I'm afraid not

I forgot to put down that Robert made the Senator go to the Secretary of State about Nadeshda's disappearance. The Secretary was sympathetic, but he refused to interfere in any way. What else could he do?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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How to Tell When Your Subscription Expires

At the head of the first inside page of each copy of this magazine is printed the serial number of that issue. Each volume begins with the first issue in July. The first issue in July is number 1; the last issue in June number 52

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Keep an Eye on the Capitol

DO YOU know how the Representative from your district conducts himself in Washington? Do you know how your State Assemblymen and State Senators conduct themselves at your State Capital? Yet you have delegated to these three men the most important duties and responsibilities that you are charged with. Upon their conduct depends to a great extent the personal welfare of yourself and family.

More than to any other cause the present conditions, political and individual, are due to this failure of the legislative constituents to keep track of their representative's doings and so to bring him to account when he presents himself for re-election. And the chief reason why the politicians so strenuously insist upon "party responsibility" is lest, in the absence of "party responsibility," the people would begin to educate themselves to follow the doings of their delegates

It is not easy to devise a way to make a member responsible to his constituents. Perhaps, if the reader of every newspaper would insist that it publish in each issue the latest votings and failures to vote of their Congressman and their State Senators and Assemblymen, a beginning might be made in the right direction.

Swallowtail Endowments

THE New England college president who lately solicited from his alumni, assembled at a banquet, presents of cast-off evening clothes to be worn by poor students at graduation, has not enhanced his reputation for tact; but, like many another blunderer, his logic is above cavil. Poor undergraduates—and rich ones, too—clothe their minds with learning provided by charitable bequest, and shelter their heads in college rooms for which they often pay no adequate rental. Why should they not also accept that good creature, the swallowtail? For no reason—except the best, namely, that public sentiment forbids, at least in the case of cast-off clothes.

Of this not the slightest doubt remains. The press of the country received the good president's suggestion with jeers. One reader, who proclaimed himself the graduate of a rival college, wrote a letter to a newspaper offering his cast-off splendor with ostentatious scorn. It did not occur to any one that here was an instance in which the giver would be less blessed than he who received. The feeling that evening clothes must be a man's very own is as deep-seated as the most primitive instinct. Richard Croker was once asked to relate the best joke he had ever cracked. An old friend, he said, came up to him at a Tammany function in a dress suit and asked him how he liked it. "First rate," answered Croker. "Why don't you buy one?" And Croker is a Democrat

On the day of the college president's blunder, as it happened, a young man who said he was on a salary of fifteen dollars a week wrote to a paper to ask whether he would be justified in withdrawing from the bank his slender savings to buy evening clothes, in which to attend certain parties to which he had been invited. The question is pertinent and suggestive. To an ambitious youth no asset is so valuable, with the single exception of energy and ability, as rich and powerful friends. When you go to Rome do as the Romans do. If the parties to which the young man was invited were calculated to bring him out no money could be better invested And, inasmuch as man is a social as well as an ambitious animal, motives which seem on the surface more frivolous are also to be heeded. What would be the profit of fifty dollars in the bank if for lack of conventional clothes the other fellow won the girl?

The swallowtail is a mighty factor in the destiny of youth; and since it is denied in the way of second-hand charity, other means must be found. As for poor college men, they do not scruple to buy flannels and tweeds out of their scholarships. Is it not up to the benevolent to dot the "i" of each bequest with a small allowance for a proper suit to graduate in?

The Seeds of Ripe Old Age

IT IS as easy as lying to refute Doctor Osler's statement that a man's creative period ends at forty, and to reduce to absurdity the suggestion—only meant for a joke at the worst—that men of sixty should be chloroformed.

As Longfellow pointed out in verse, Chaucer wrote The Canterbury Tales at sixty, Sophocles wrote the Œdipus at eighty, and at the same age Goethe completed Faust. Longfellow might have extended his instances almost indefinitely. Browning and Tennyson wrote in their best and most characteristic vein long past threescore. Voltaire did his ablest work after seventy. Columbus discovered America after he was fifty; Washington fought the Revolution in the last years of his fifth decade, and Franklin did his great work in the framing of our Constitution at the beginning of his ninth decade.

> Something remains for us to do or dare,
> Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear.
> For age is opportunity no less
> Than youth itself, though in another dress.

And yet—there is profound truth in what Doctor Osler says. As things are managed in this world, any actual achievement is the result of long, slow growth. The stature of the largest oak is predestined in the acorn, and in the soil in which it lodges. It was as a young man that Sophocles gained his mastery of dramatic form and expression; that Chaucer gathered the material for his tales and developed his sunny temperament, gracious style; that Goethe conceived his Faust; that Columbus projected his great discovery. And it is in the early and middle years that all of us must plant the seeds of high character and achievement. No day, from boyhood to full maturity, can be wasted in idleness, or blackened by evil deeds, without risk to the best that all the years can bring. The old age that flourishes and is green is the result, not of a sterile youth, but of a youth brimming over with the vigorous seeds of the body and the spirit.

Why Ghosts Don't Pay

MEN come and men go, but lying about dreams, apparitions, premonitions and the like goes on forever. The oldest residents are full of lies, and so are to-day's Sunday newspapers and journals of "psychic research." And much valuable time is wasted in reading and listening

Has anybody received any "psychic" communications that netted him anything? Of what use is it to have dreams and premonitions come true—how does it help you, after a brick has fallen on your head, to be able to say, "Why, I was warned of this in a dream a week ago?" How has anything been added to your knowledge by having had a spirit appear to you and tell you to be good?

The time may come when we shall have all mundane matters so shipshape that we shall have to begin to consult mediums and dream interpreters to find out what to do next But that time is not yet, and so we need only seize on the opportunities we see with our waking eyes, without troubling ourselves about those that come vaguely in dreams.

Sentimental Breakfast-Food

NEW YORK'S first unofficial attempt to hunt out and provide free breakfasts for those tens of thousands of starving children has ended in fiasco. The few children that appeared either ate as if they already had breakfast or were shown to have come from homes where breakfasts could have been provided

In this matter of free feeding two things should be said:

First—Whenever a family, in this land of plenty of work for willing workers, falls into such a state that its children go breakfastless to school, those children ought to be taken away from the bad influences of their so-called home.

Second—If ever it should come to pass that thousands of children with worthy parents have to go breakfastless to school, then in this country we shall have conditions which call for changes far more drastic than such a petty, pauperizing scheme as free breakfasts for school children.

There are many and great evils to be remedied in this country. One of them is the disposition of half-baked, meddlesome sentimentality and patronizing plutocrats to pauperize poverty

Going to Seed

AT LEAST one reader of an editorial in these columns on the permanent job failed to see its chief point. He writes to say that he has such a job, has had it for years, has been sent to seed by it, and he asks whether he should, "in the autumn of life," resign and start all over again.

The fact that a job is permanent, regardless of whether its holder is assiduous and progressive, does not excuse its holder from failing to be assiduous and progressive. There is no job anywhere that is necessarily a matter of routine. The alert man makes it distinct and individual, and soon attracts attention to himself. There may be, now and then, a dearth of jobs for lazy and incompetent and unambitious men, but there never is, and until human nature radically changes there never will be, even in the hardest of hard times, a lack of work for the man who really wants to work and really knows how or is willing to learn.

The way not to go to seed is—not to go to seed. The way to stop going to seed is not to change your job but to change yourself, your method of performing your work.

Sentiment and Politics

INQUESTS upon the Democratic party and upon the Republican national machine, shattered by Roosevelt lightning, continue to occupy the spare time of the politically inclined. But the mass of the people go about their daily business with no interest in machine politics.

The reason for this indifference is that love of the "dear old party," just as a party, isn't any longer the force it used to be. The people have come to see that parties are to a great extent the tools of the unscrupulous who make of politics a profession.

A New Force in National Affairs

THE Social Democratic party, whose candidate for the Presidency got 402,000 votes last fall, is an organization of 25,000 men enrolled in about 1500 branches. The campaign funds are raised by a contribution from each member of ten cents a month. Its campaigns are incessant, are waging every day in the year. Each member is a propagandist, and his propaganda is to him what his religion is to a missionary. There are millionaires among these enthusiasts, and, like the artisans who form the overwhelming majority, they go about in good weather and bad, where they are welcome and where they are not, distributing tracts, arguing, sowing seeds of discontent with the existing order.

There has been no such deliberate, assiduous, intense propaganda in our politics since the militant Abolition movement of ante-bellum days. Only within the last four or five years has this propaganda begun to attract attention, though it had long ago lodged socialistic ideas far and wide among the preachers and the professions. Since last fall the politicians have been scrutinizing this political movement, formidable out of all proportion to the size of its membership.

The next time a poorly-dressed fellow on the street, or your neighbor at dinner, hands you a socialist tract, you may take it with a new sense of its meaning

Making Friends with Art

THE new director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art at New York is planning an aggressive program. Hitherto, the Metropolitan, like practically all the other museums in the country, has been a "dignified" institution, receiving with solemn tolerance such of the people as ventured to penetrate its august sanctums—not forbidding them, but not encouraging them, either. That was in accordance with the old idea of all things pertaining to higher mental development—the idea that makes so many devotees of learning and art ridiculous to intelligent people with a sense of humor.

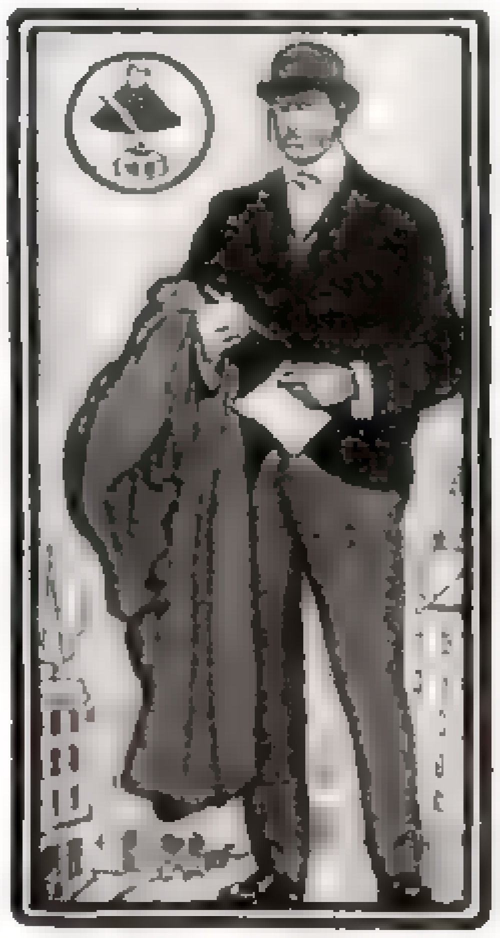
But the new idea is friendly, simple, democratic. And the new director of the Metropolitan proposes to vulgarize his treasures, to urge the "hoi polloi" to come in and "take a fall out of" the old masters, if they feel so disposed. The way to develop the æsthetic faculties is not by reverence but by familiarity. As soon as a man realizes that learning and art are simply high-sounding names for guests every man entertains unawares from his very cradle, he ceases to shy off and begins to appreciate.

Interviewed and Interviewer

Certain Celebrities as the Reporter Sees Them

BY GERTRUDE LYNCH

THE interest in interviews with celebrities which the American public manifests cannot be understood by the average Englishman or Englishwoman. To them interviews are personal things, and against an intrusion upon their personality tradition and habit raise a barb-wire fence of reticence. To us, on the contrary, the interview, so-called, has been for a long time an expected portion of our omnivorous reading. There is a many-faceted reason for this. The great mass of the American public receives its education through the newspaper press. The opinions vital to the day and hour, as held by people who have raised themselves to the *n*th power of success in any and every field, are important, if not conclusive. The review of a book or play is interesting as the individual opinion of some one who has made both a study, but who may be unable to write either. The opinion on a live topic expressed by some one whose mental ability is crowned with the laurel of achievement is interesting in like manner, though that topical question may be far afield from the actual working-ground of the interviewed.



The financier, the bank president, the head of a great corporation, often balk at the request for a half-hour of that precious time, every letter of which spells gold. They recognize no duty to the public and see no reason why they should be bored, hampered, and possibly, in the end, misquoted. But the proverbial good nature of the American people—or is it indifference?—extends to its representative men, and it is rarely that one such man will refuse when the request is properly made and he is confident that the interviewer will do conscientious work in his behalf. This is true, even though he fully recognizes the fact that his position is too well established to need bolstering, and though—a harder matter for the interviewer to combat—he may have a personal shrinking at seeing his name in print, strong as the yearning of the unknown who would willingly express his opinion on every subject under Heaven, and buy up every edition of the periodical in which it was published to send to acquaintances and friends.

The celebrity on the stage, the man who has an axe to grind—though the axe may have a political edge instead of steel preferred—the comet of a season, is an easier person to reach. He rarely refuses an interview, because he realizes that it is to his advantage to keep his name before that public which, fickle as an April day, smiles on him now, but may to-morrow forget his name and face. Opportunity is capricious, but her forelock may be snatched by the alert fingers.

Interviews with dramatic personages take precedence of others in the space and number accorded by the Fourth Estate. Stage folk are the floating population of that limited and inclosed territory whose gatepost bears the word "Fame," and the restlessness of a possible oblivion prompts them to more ready speech than those who are permanent dwellers, and who cannot be ousted from their strongly entrenched footholds by time and change

The Lure of the Limelight

PERHAPS, too, the cause for this favoritism may be found in the fact that those who entertain are dearer to us than those who merely instruct or those to whom we pay our taxes We admire most strenuously those who can take us at will from the world of the material to one of illusion, from the sphere where sorrow and grief are very vital to one where carnival reigns and mirth is the crowned queen; and where even tragedy, when it does exist, is but a painted shadow in silken domino and velvet mask. Where one man will turn to look at a Wall Street magnate a hundred will right-about at the passing of a popular actor. Thus the words of a stage celebrity are always sure of charitable reading, no matter how banal. Romeo, talking of face-salve, will command attention, while an opinion on a change in the tariff from one in authority may be lost in the careless air.

The task of an interviewer is not an easy one. He must go to his appointed duty with a mind like a clean slate, without prejudice or favor. If his victim can talk eloquently and epigrammatically he must transcribe accurately, for the man of phrases is proud of his ability in that direction, particularly if that be outside his profession. If a man is halting, lame, incoherent, contradicting himself a dozen times in the course of that half-hour which is popularly supposed to be granted to the professional "talk," but which is as elastic as the suburbanite's "hour from the city"—then the interviewer must shape his sentences into Demosthenian periods, Rabelaisian humor and Machiavellian finesse—and will probably be handed on the morning the interview appears a letter in which the interviewed complains—by messenger-boy—of being flagrantly misquoted

But there is a balance of compensations. Though the man who has granted the request for an interview rarely puts himself into it, as he does into the work which has brought him into public notice, the interviewer is quite conscious of the existence of the fundamental thoughts, opinions, aims, ambitions, so carefully concealed under an apparent candor Through the barrier of reserve there are apertures where the trained eye may discern certain qualities: altruism, unselfishness, the flawless ideal and the trampled one. Unlike many of the English, the American personage does not refuse to be interviewed, but grants and refuses at the same time—which is more subtle, if more perplexing, to the interviewer, and certainly more interesting.

"Why is it," a celebrated English actress recently asked me, as she sat surrounded by newspaper clippings—"why is it that the American press has treated me so discourteously? Why is it that I have to submit to being misunderstood, treated lightly, cynically? Why must I be interviewed?"

"You do not have to be."

"But managers insist and interviewers pursue."

"You may still decline."

"And the penalty?"

"There is an American actress who, when she was seeking place, was most gracious to the representatives of the press When she had secured her vantage-point she shut her door firmly, uncompromisingly. In her recent contracts it is nominated that she be relieved of the necessity of interviews."

"Well?"

"Half a decade ago her name was on the lips of every theatre-goer. Yesterday a conversation was overheard between two women of the theatre-going class. This actress' name was mentioned by one, and the other responded: 'Why, I thought she was dead!' An actress really has two deaths, and one of them had been accorded to this star at her own request."

"But the American interview is so vulgar—so hopelessly vulgar.

There was no possible answer to this, and, after a moment's silence, as if ashamed of the lack of self-control which had forced her interviewers to a retaliation, the Englishwoman said in a soft, sweet voice, a disarmament in itself

"But why can I not be treated like Irving? No one ever makes fun of him, misquotes him, treats him lightly, superficially."

A memory of my interview with Irving flitted across my mind

The half-hour which Irving had granted was amid the storm and stress of rehearsals for the tremendous spectacle of Dante—a half-hour without one jarring note of egotism, of posing, of the half-concealed boredom which marks and mars so many celebrities who have "submitted" to the request for an interview. It was thirty minutes made memorable by amusing and pathetic reminiscences of bygone days and critical appreciations of contemporary talent. It was one of the half-hours to which an interviewer returns in memory amid the difficulties of newspaper work as the mind recalls a sunny landscape when the sleet is driving against the panes.

I made the only possible answer to the Englishwoman's question:

"Because Sir Henry is himself serious, dignified, courteous. It is always in the power of the interviewed to strike the keynote."

"But surely—I did not deserve these." And the cynical newspaper clippings were swept into—not the waste-paper basket, but the desk-drawer—for future reflection, maybe.

The power of the press is a mighty one. No career has ever been harmed by a courtesy to its representatives, whereas many have been cut short or irreparably injured by incivility to reporters. Senator Depew, that much interviewed man, claims that, after a lifetime of newspaper "talks," he considers the balance about even, with a slight tendency toward the good accorded him through the press.

But, after all, it would hardly seem worth while to treat the question of interviews too seriously. As it exists to-day, the interview is in its nature ephemeral, superficial, a touch-and-go conversation between two busy people, each anxious to get on to the next engagement. The opinion expressed is only that of to-day, and quite another may be expressed to-morrow, for it is the wise man who changes his mind, and a change of mind merely argues but an increase in wisdom. As for the women interviewed, their proverbial change of view makes of them ideal subjects

Simeon Ford, the well-known after-dinner speaker and humorist, said on this subject that being interviewed was not his idea of fun "There is nothing in it," he responded, in answer to the obvious question, "except getting your name in the papers after hard mental labor They say that the American man's idea of success in life is keeping out of jail. I would add to that famous saying another—that his idea of perfect happiness, after he has passed the stage of youthful enthusiasm, is in dodging interviewers. General Porter said that a good deal better than I can when he remarked that a man spends the first half of his life trying to get into the papers and the last half keeping out."

No photographed resemblance can do justice to Mr. Ford as he sits in the interviewed's uneasy chair. He has a tall, lank form; a melancholy face, between the lines of which graveyard epitaphs, instead of humorous jests, might be written; what he has called himself "crape whiskers" complete an equipment of which no professional humorist need be ashamed. Heralded by his reputation, and with this natural stock-in trade, it is enough for him to rise in his seat at the table for his convives to be in a roar before he has opened his lips.

Occasionally Mr. Ford announces his retirement from the centre of the joke stage. Nobody except the redoubtable Patti has ever made so many farewells. His serious face, when he proclaims his coming freedom, carries credence with it. It is said by those who know him that he believes it himself, but while you are wondering who will take his place for the unsalaried position of joke-leader is not an easy one to fill—you find his name heading a list of speakers at a coming dinner—and breathe easier. Many a teacher might drop out and the vacancy be filled at a moment's notice, but jesters' rôles have few understudies. We can spare the humorist less readily

The Secret of Simeon Ford

ACHIEVING a reputation is a strenuous task in these days, when the lower rounds of the ladder are blocked and there are many rounds missing on the way up. But it is nothing, according to Mr. Ford, in comparison with getting away from one, once it has been acquired.

"When I commenced," he continued his narrative of woe, "I used to go home, clasp my hands under my coat-tails, strut about the room, and say to my wife: 'Look at me! I'm the real thing.'

"To do her justice, she was as proud as I was at first, but she got over it more quickly even than I did. Now she doesn't think I am funny at all, and when I take into consideration the amount of midnight electricity consumed in trying to make the public think I am, as they listen to my bright impromptu speeches, I am inclined to agree with her.

"When the committee for a dinner send for me to make a speech, and I accept, I usually do so with but one stipulation—that I be placed immediately after the biggest bore. This is the best recipe I know for making a humorous speech. People will only laugh a certain amount. After they have had their fill send on a second funny man, and he will be received with a chill which will remind him of the caress of an arctic iceberg"

The subject of the scientific basis for humor gave Mr. Ford opportunity for other bright explanations of his success. He said:

"When I look at speech-making from the point of view of one who is desirous of sensation, I would prefer to speak at a bankers' dinner. They usually have some tremendous magnate down who will discourse on finance for a couple of hours—Treasury deficits, for instance—or who will recite some legislative enactment of recent date. If I can only follow a United States Senator I am sure that every pair of gloves in the place will be split in pieces, for my success is assured before I begin. My speech will not be good, but it will seem so by comparison. It is simple as a rule of three when you know the proper combination to work out."

A celebrated humorist who looks at life, if not his work, from a most dignified and scholarly outlook, is Francis Wilson. To see the one-time robber of Erminie resting his finely shaped head against the chintz cushions of a big chair in the dressing-room of his theatre, and discussing Ibsen, Maeterlinck, the dramatization of the historical novel—that is a sight worth remembering in melancholy hours when there is no humorist on hand to interview.

Francis Wilson is epigrammatic in his expressions. Speaking of the ever-present problem in the mind of the playwright as to the advisability of using the published book as a basis for dramatic work, he said: "Anything is a good thing if you get a good thing out of it"—and again: "Plays are not written, they are *re*written."

Mr. Wilson differs from Mr. Ford in that his serious moments are not temperamental. He says:

"While I have a most serious point of view toward life in general, while I spend a great deal of time in writing plays, studying, gathering a library of rare first editions, in reality I have always what one might term the comic-opera view of life toward men and events.

"Now, it may not seem funny to relate, but I have so keen a sense of the ridiculous that when, as often happens, a man comes in here, bows profoundly, and after a stammering, stuttering speech, followed by an assent for an autograph, bows himself out with equal solemnity, and instead of making the right exit is obliterated for a few seconds in a wardrobe of old stage clothes, I simply lose myself in spasms of mirth.

"I sat recently next to a very charming little woman at a dinner-party in the West. She listened to my attempts to be diverting with evident interest. After I had done my best she turned and said earnestly:

"'Oh, Mr. Wilson, you are so amusing. I really don't see how it has happened that you have escaped the comic opera stage so long. You would make a fortune on it, I am sure.'

"Some of the letters I get—not from matinee girls, alas! but from ambitious mammas—are very diverting. I have one in my pocket which reads:

> "*Dear Mr. Wilson*:
> I have a daughter who is five foot six, and full of music. Hoping, my dear sir, you are the same, I remain, etc."

Another professional humorist, Mr. Weber, whose recent divorce from his lifelong stage partner has not yet ceased to be regretted, said in regard to the difficulty of raising a stage laugh:

"There is always a struggle between the footlights and the audience. Sometimes before the curtain goes up, before a word is spoken, the people will begin to laugh, and we know then that we have them with us; that is what professionals call a 'laughing audience.' Sometimes we can't make the people in the front row laugh. Perhaps it is because they are so close!"

Mr. Weber explains that one thing which makes his part sartorially easier than that of other stars is due to the fact that, unlike them, he does not wish his clothes to fit. A remembrance of his remarkable makeup assures the truth of this. In the beginning of his career it seems that he had as much difficulty, however, as if he had been more ambitious in this direction. Tailors seemed to understand his directions, but when his suit came home he had to use a shoehorn to put it on, and looked like a showgirl.

The environment of the celebrated Weber music-hall, where for so long the growndown children who come there have been offered anæsthetics to work, naturally recalls Lillian Russell. Miss Russell was interviewed there on a subject very near her heart, that of Christian Science, which she contends she demonstrates continually, and which enables her to take up her work many times when she would otherwise consider herself physically unfit. She talks convincingly and well. There is only one lapse, and that is when her sense of humor gets the best of her seriousness.

She announces that she has no identity, that she is not real, that she is merely a thought of the Infinite—while she covers the corsage of her costly gown with diamond bow knots. So she is merely an illusion—though a plump one.

"How is it," was inquired, "that if you don't exist you can draw such big salaries?"

"They don't exist, either," was the quick response.

The interviewer has liberal tendencies. To step from Lillian Russell to Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, ex-President of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, is just the step involved in stepping from the question of Christian Science to that of woman suffrage.

Mrs. Catt overturns the belief that the above-named cause is one that comes into a woman's life slowly through disappointment in sentiment or ambition. According to her story, her responsibilities date back to the day when, a little child growing up in a far Western town, she named her four kittens during a Presidential campaign, Greeley, Grant, Colfax and Wilson, names of frequent occurrence in the household during those troublous times.

She saw her father drive off the day of the election with his hired men, and inquired earnestly the meaning of the unusual absence of the masculine element about the farm.

Her mother explained as well as she could. When she had finished, the child inquired:

"Why don't you vote?"

Why did she not, indeed? The mind sought a reason. It found it triumphantly: "Because I do not own property."

Going into the barn, and sitting on the fragrant hay, the child talked it over with the kittens. A keen observer, she immediately detected the flaw in the reason. There was a widow who owned the neighboring farm, and the widow was at home; she had not gone to the polls.

Anxiously the child awaited her father's return. He was tired by the unusual journey. He answered her question quickly, decisively, without the hesitation that had marked her mother's words: "Women do not vote because they do not know enough."

The farm boasted one of those half-witted hangers-on so familiar in rural districts, with certain abilities turned to account in the detail of farmwork. The child had seen him drive off with her father. She asked him if he had voted, and he admitted that he had.

Thus did Mrs. Catt gain the inspiration for her lifework.

Francis Wilson is not the only celebrity who has letters from young women seeking place in the great world of effort. Herr Conried, in his green-lined room in the Metropolitan Opera House, where human nightingales smile silently from the walls, shows hundreds of letters that have come to him through the season from ambitious and embryonic prima-donnas.

Out from the mass of orris-scented, heliotrope-tinted correspondence the meister shows a letter from a young woman in Pittsburg begging the privilege of having her voice listened to, a voice which she describes as "a beautiful tenor."

Every applicant whose voice is tested at the Opera House is catalogued on a large sheet whose captions present such soul-stirring words as "Name," "Date," "Recommended by," "Appearance," "Remarks."

"Do you know what it means to be in a chorus like ours?" asks Mr. Conried, waving his nimbus of hair and his delicate hands, and wrapping his coat tails about him in the fine frenzy of his wrath. "It means that a woman must have a repertoire of fifty operas. Think of that! Fifty operas! Does a singer acquire that early in life? It is one thing to be an original member of a Florodora sextette or of a pony ballet, another to be able to sing in the chorus of Tannhauser, Lohengrin, Die Walkure. By the time a woman is admirably fitted for the chorus at the Opera House she is necessarily without the bloom of youth."

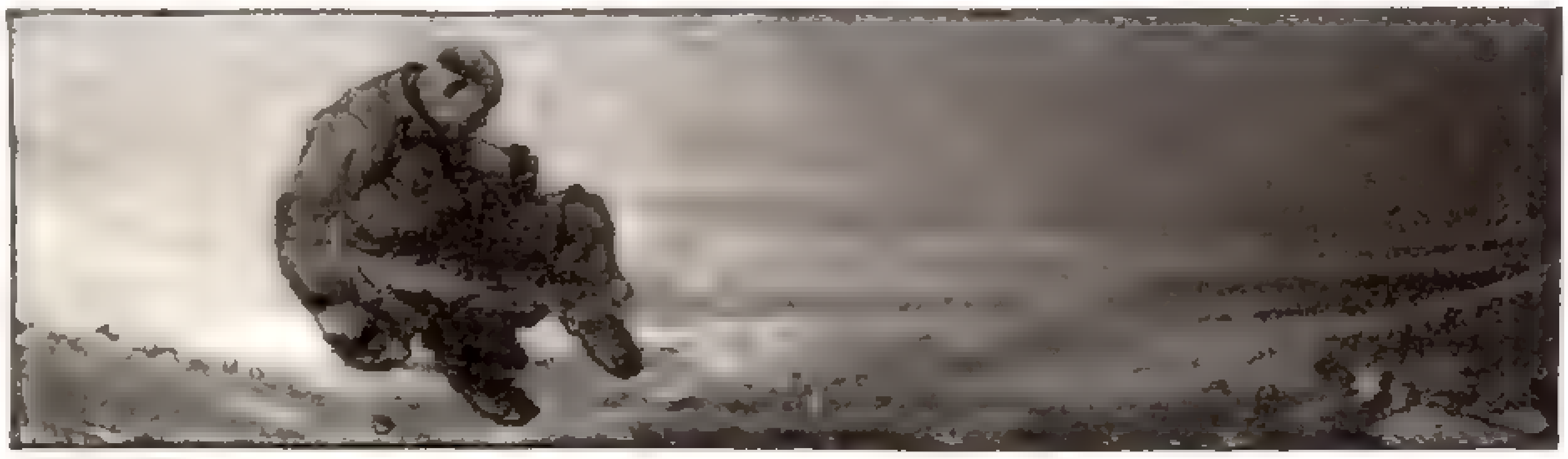
There is another theme on which Herr Conried is equally eloquent. It is that of the American girl, in talking of whom he cites the successes of Olive Fremstadt, Edythe Walker, Marion Weed, whom he discovered in Europe, studying hard to achieve reputation.

And speaking of the American girl, an amusing story is going the rounds of newspaperdom in regard to a famous English artist who visited America for the first time last winter. On the steamer he inquired of an American acquaintance what he should say to the interviewers whom he had been warned would meet him at the pier. He apparently dreaded the ordeal; in fact, he confessed as much. "I have never visited America before. I have no 'impressions,' which I understand are always requested. I know few Americans. What am I to say?"

"Tell them," said his acquaintance practically, "that the American girl is the most beautiful one in the world. Say that she strikes the top note of grace, charm and independence. You will not need to say anything else; that will assure your success."

In the half-hour "accorded the press" after his arrival, the artist spoke most eloquently of the American girl as directed. The superlative degree flowed easily from his lips, like a lesson well rehearsed. As predicted, his success was assured.

A SERENADE OF JOY



BY FRANK L. STANTON

I

Ole Br'er Trouble ride de harricane ter Halleluia Town
W'en de black storm blow de stars out, en de rain a-
    comin' down;
        But I never stop ter sigh:
        Made de banjer-music fly
        'Twel de rainbow, lak' a ribbon, come a-runnin'
            roun' de sky!

II

He stan' dar in de do'way, shake de weather fum his hat:
Say, de rain en win' done pelt him ter de place I livin' at.
        En I never says a word—
        Makin' out I never heard—
        But my banjer, in a minute, is a-singin' lak' a bird!

III

De strings, dey tinkled—twinkled—en I holler out:
    "Ole boy,
I gwine ter give you welcome wid a serenade er Joy!
        De weather blow you wrong,
        But I glad you come along—
        I gwine ter weave yo' sighin' en yo' sorrer in a song!"

IV

Den Br'er Trouble say de Scritch-owl is a-callin' fum de limb,
En tell de ghostly fireflies light de rainy road fer him;
        En he shuffle 'long de way
        Whar de ha'nts en shadders stay,
        En my banjer des a-gwine in a regular hooray!

THE PRESIDENT'S BIBLE

And the Important Part It Has Played in Many Historic Inaugurations

BY ROBERT MARTIN LARNER

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT followed the usual custom in taking the oath of office on the occasion of his inauguration by being sworn in upon a Bible supplied by the Clerk of the Supreme Court

Next in importance to the taking of the prescribed oath is the selection of the Bible to be used at the ceremony. When the subject was brought to the attention of President Roosevelt he inquired about the precedents on the subject. He was informed that it is customary for the Clerk of the Court to furnish the Bible, and after the ceremony to deliver the sacred book to the President's wife or some other near relative. President Roosevelt said he would follow the usual course, and accordingly he was sworn in on a small Bible, known in religious circles as "teacher's size." It is bound in red morocco with gilt edges, and is about the dimensions of the Congressional Directory.

Occasionally a President-elect may decide to depart from the time-honored custom relative to the selection of the Bible. An interesting story is related concerning that used at the first inauguration of President McKinley. Yielding to political sentiment he decided that he would be sworn in on a Bible to be furnished by a convention of African Bishops, at the head of which was Bishop Arnott, of Ohio.

The Clerk of the Court, Mr. McKenney, was advised of President-elect McKinley's concession to the colored Bishops. A few days before the inauguration, Bishop Arnott appeared at the Clerk's office, at the Capitol, bearing an immense family Bible of heroic proportions. It was considerably larger than the largest edition of Webster's Dictionary. The surprise of Clerk McKenney was so great that he could not refrain from saying:

"Well, Bishop, where is the wheelbarrow in which to move this?"

"I will carry it out to the platform, if you cannot," retorted the somewhat indignant Bishop.

"Never mind, we will endeavor to handle it without your assistance," replied Clerk McKenney.

"I would like to have the Bible returned to me after the ceremonies," added the Bishop, "so I may deliver it to the President after he is installed in the White House."

"We will see about that later," said Clerk McKenney, taking charge of the Bible.

Subsequently there was a consultation between McKinley and Clerk McKenney as to what disposition should be made of the Bible after the inauguration. Clerk McKenney mentioned that the Bishop desired the Bible returned to him that he might deliver it in person at the White House.

"What does all that ceremony signify?" inquired Mr. McKinley.

"It probably means," replied Clerk McKenney, "that the Bishop and a delegation of his colored brethren will call upon you, make a speech, present you with the Bible, expect a speech in reply from you, and later they may file a petition for a public office in behalf of one of their race."

"I understand," said Mr. McKinley. "Mr. Clerk, you will be kind enough to deliver the book to me yourself."

A few days later the Bible was taken to the White House by Clerk McKenney. He was graciously received by the President and Mrs. McKinley. In making the presentation, Clerk McKenney explained that he had marked the page, the chapter and the verses touched by the lips of the President in taking the oath. They were II Chronicles, first chapter, ninth and tenth verses:

"Now, O Lord God, let Thy promise unto David my father be established: for Thou hast made me king over a people like the dust of the earth in multitude

"Give me now wisdom and knowledge, that I may go out and come in before this people: for who can judge this Thy people, that is so great?"

President Cleveland also departed from the usual practice with regard to the selection of the Bible upon which he twice took the oath of office. He requested that a small Bible, about the size of an ordinary hymn-book, given him by his mother, should be used. Upon the fly-leaf was this inscription

"Stephen Grover Cleveland, from his Mother."

After the Hayes inauguration, when Clerk McKenney delivered the Bible into the hands of the President, he was requested by Mrs Hayes to read the verses which her husband had kissed in taking his oath of office. Clerk McKenney opened the Bible at the One Hundred and Eighteenth Psalm and read the eleventh and twelfth verses, as follows

"They compassed me about; yea, they compassed me about: but in the name of the Lord I will destroy them.

"They compassed me about like bees; they are quenched as the fire of thorns: for in the name of the Lord I will destroy them."

Mrs. Hayes laid her hand affectionately upon her husband's shoulder and said.

"The President will not destroy any one."

When President Arthur succeeded Garfield he was sworn in by Chief Justice Waite. The Bible upon which he took the oath was delivered to his daughter, Miss Nellie Arthur

Of all the formalities attending the inauguration of the President of the United States the administering of the oath of office by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court is perhaps the most important and the most impressive Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller has officiated at inaugural ceremonies a greater number of times than any of his predecessors excepting Chief Justice John Marshall and Chief Justice Roger B. Taney. Chief Justice Fuller administered the oath to President Harrison in 1889; to Cleveland in 1893; to McKinley in 1897 and 1901, and to Mr. Roosevelt in 1905

Years ago it was the practice for the President-elect to deliver his inaugural address before taking the oath of office. Now he takes the oath first and afterward tells the people how he proposes to administer his high office.

The ceremony of taking the oath is brief but impressive. At the appropriate moment the Clerk of the Supreme Court, who for the time being is custodian of the Bible to be used, opens the book at random, but usually about in the middle, as most of the quotations will show. As far as possible a record has been kept in the Supreme Court of the verses kissed by Presidential lips. In many cases they have been singularly appropriate, and they have invariably been found in the books of the Old Testament, ranging from Chronicles to Isaiah.

The Clerk of the Court holds the open Bible at a convenient height, standing with the President-elect on his right and the Chief Justice on his left. The President-elect and the Chief Justice place their right hands upon the Bible. The Chief Justice solemnly pronounces the oath, the President responds "I do," kisses the Bible, and the ceremony is ended

At President Grant's second inauguration the Bible was opened at the second chapter of Isaiah, second and third verses:

"And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it.

"And many people shall go and say: Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and He will teach us of His ways, and we will walk in His paths: for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem

There is a peculiar appropriateness in the passages of Scripture in connection with McKinley's second inauguration. They are found in the sixteenth chapter of Proverbs, twentieth and twenty-first verses:

"He that handleth a matter wisely shall find good: and whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he.

"The wise in heart shall be called prudent: and the sweetness of the lips increaseth learning."

It is recorded that Chief Justice Chase declined to administer the oath to Andrew Johnson when the latter succeeded to the Presidency after Abraham Lincoln had been assassinated. Vice-President Johnson was in Washington at the time and so was Chief Justice Chase. It was suggested and even expected that the Chief Justice would administer the oath to Johnson on that occasion, but he refused to do so, and the ceremony was performed by a local Judge of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia.

Romance Between the Ledger Leaves

The Expert Accountant Knows that Figures Often Lie

BY OTTO W. HELBIG

HUMAN nature in general is rather a queer quantity, but it is especially so, I think, as seen through the eyes of the special accountant. His work constantly reveals fresh surprises in this interesting field; he is continually called upon to marvel at the eccentricities uncovered by his investigations. If at all inclined to reflection and analysis he falls easily into the habit of classifying these experiences according to various principles, seeing in them certain tendencies as clearly defined as the currents of a turbulent stream.

One of the strangest of these odd wrinkles of human nature, as evidenced by the accountant's records, is the blindness which comes with avarice. The lengths of ingenuous folly to which cupidity will carry a man are really startling, both in their nature and frequency, and I think no worker is in better position to realize this than is the "expert" or special accountant. Almost daily the observation is enforced upon him that Greed, not Love, is the blind god. Certainly this passion leads men to adopt the most ostrich-like subterfuges, while fancying themselves masters of low cunning and craftiness

While it cannot be doubted that the very simplicity and ingenuousness of the methods by which these novices in fraud attempt to carry out their dishonest purposes sometimes account for their success, certainly they meet with exposure and defeat far more frequently now than they did before the services of an "expert" accountant were regarded as absolutely necessary whenever a business is subject to negotiations looking toward a sale, transfer or an increase of credits.

One instance which I clearly recall is representative of the recklessness with which thousands of men attempt to take advantage of their business associates by falsifying accounts and otherwise manipulating business records. At the instance of a committee representing the minority shareholders in a certain manufacturing corporation I was called to make an examination of its accounts. The president of the company, who belonged to the majority faction of the stockholders, did not seem to be especially anxious to have the examination made, although he assumed an air of good natured tolerance toward it

He was not quite so good natured, however, when he was called upon, a little later, to admit the fact that he was financially interested, and to a large extent, in a jobbing house to which the entire output of the manufacturing concern was sold. In other words,

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he occupied that fundamentally inconsistent position of seller and buyer in the same transaction. Theoretically, the whole commercial world holds that this attitude is at variance with sound business ethics, not to say sound morals. Practically, thousands of men in high official places actually occupy this position and seem to feel offended at the suggestion that it makes them legitimate objects of suspicion. The knowledge, therefore, that the president of the manufacturing corporation was on both sides of the fence in a transaction involving the entire output of the concern of which he was the responsible official head made me be the more careful for traces of crookedness in the entries and accounts.

No special alertness, however, was required to lead to the identification of the item in which the trouble was concealed—or rather, which exposed to the most incidental scrutiny as clumsy and ingenuous an attempt at concealment as I have ever seen.

This was a journal entry charging to the merchandise account of the corporation, and crediting to the jobbing firm, an amount in excess of half a million dollars! As I could find no records of any sort in explanation of this entry I naturally asked the president to shed light upon the item.

"Oh," he exclaimed in an offhand and incidental manner, "that covers the trade discount to which the jobbing house is entitled under our agreement! We always credit them up at the end of the season."

"But," I replied, "I have not been able to find any schedule of selling prices or of trade discounts either in your contract with the jobbing house or in any other memoranda of agreement."

"No," he returned, "I always figure the discounts out myself, as I am thoroughly familiar with the details."

From his manner it was evident that he felt that he had disposed of the whole matter in a very easy and satisfactory manner, and had carried off the honors from the field without raising so much as a disagreeable cloud of dust.

Before, however, I had completed the examination of the accounts in this peculiar case I could clearly see the end of the investigation. Without contesting the validity of the entry which I have described, the books showed that the manufacturing corporation had been operated at a heavy loss. On the other hand, the figures brought out by the investigation showed very clearly that the business had earned handsome profits and was only prevented from paying a substantial dividend by the fictitious item of "trade discounts."

Naturally, the report bringing out these facts created a great disturbance in the camp of the minority stockholders, who at once declared war on the president and his faction. There was some lively skirmishing, and that executive was given a limited amount of time in which to secure to the shareholders of the concern he had mismanaged a settlement in the amount of the improper trade discounts; failing to do this, so he was very pointedly told, he would have to face criminal prosecution. Of course, the jobbing house came to his rescue and saved him and its own management from open disgrace.

The Thief's Reward

It must be remembered, however, that settlements of this sort seldom, if ever, bring about restitution of the actual amounts embezzled or criminally diverted. The justice achieved by such settlements is only approximate, and in the nature of a concession which almost invariably leaves some of the ill-gotten profits still sticking to the fingers of the manipulators.

The changing of a business from old hands to new frequently, if not generally, offers special opportunity for trickery and sharp practice, and calls for the exercise of every available precaution by both parties to the transaction. These transactions abound in instances of both clever rascality and of those clumsy and childish attempts at falsification to which I have already referred.

A certain firm sold its business to a new corporation on a contract of sale which provided, among other things, that all assets in possession of the old firm on the day of the transfer should be turned over to the corporation and that all liabilities of the old house should be discharged by itself. When the actual transfer was made the attention of the special accountant employed to protect the interests of the new corporation was called to the fact that a carload of perishable merchandise, which had been standing on the side-track for several weeks, was included among the assets for which the corporation was expected to settle.

The sellers had simply redated the bill for this carload of merchandise, at the request of the old firm, and had rendered it against the new corporation. And the members of the old firm actually expected that this transparent trick would pass muster without detection! They did not stop to think that any accountant worthy the name would at once refer to the railroad records in this case. Of course, that was at once done, and it was found that demurrage on that car, for a period of several weeks, had been paid to the railroad company by the old firm.

The accountant adjusted the matter by having the corporation pay the bill, and replace the contents by another carload also paid for by the new concern. Then the amount of both invoices was withheld from the final payment to the shifty members of the old firm of the purchase price of their business.

An accountant with whom I am acquainted was appointed to take over the business of several manufacturing concerns which had been bought by a consolidation company. Each adjustment was to be made in accordance with the contracts of sale entered into by each of the old firms with the new. The terms of these contracts varied in each case, as the promoter had been compelled to grant certain concessions, or had been able to secure certain advantages, in the option contract, according to the varying degrees of business capacity shown by the management of the various firms which were entering the consolidation.

A Quick-Change Trick

In the particular instance to which I refer the plant and good-will were subject to transfer at a lump sum. The "quick assets"—consisting of accounts and notes receivable; of materials either raw, wrought or in process of manufacture; and of supplies—were to be transferred for cash on the basis of cost prices. Also, certain attachments of the plant's machinery, made especially to manufacture products handled exclusively by certain of its customers, duplicate parts of machinery, and all strictly new supplies were to be allowed for, to the old firm, at actual cost. Manufactured product was to be transferred at a certain discount under the lowest selling price during the year previous. Other property under the heading of "quick assets" was to be transferred on the basis of its market value at the time of the property's sale.

When the accountant arrived at the plant the manager presented him with a schedule of the property to be transferred. Having gone to considerable expenditure of time and trouble to prepare the invoice, it was evidently his intention to relieve the accountant from any trouble concerning it. But, of course, the accountant prepared his own schedule and then compared it with the one submitted by the manager. He found the latter to be less, by many thousand dollars, than his own. Then he proceeded to analyze the schedule submitted by the management and found that it included, under the heading of "duplicate parts of machinery," an entire engine, boiler and outfit used as a relief to the main engine of the plant. As the purpose of this secondary engine was to keep the plant in operation during the regular periods of overhauling to which the main engine was necessarily subjected, it is very clear that the secondary engine was an integral part of the original plant, and not at all to be considered as a "duplicate," or "extra," in the sense in which those terms were used in the contract. This manager had also classed as "duplicate parts of machinery" all the pulleys, hangers and shafting already hung in place and not in actual operation at the time of the transfer, but subject to operation as a regular part of the equipment.

Another interesting and amusing point in this schedule was the matter of prices. Evidently the scrutiny of the sales records, in order to establish the "lowest selling prices" of the different grades of product, had been very minute and laborious. As a matter of fact, the prices in this schedule were based on the lowest *market* prices instead—as the contract stipulated—of the lowest actual *selling* prices. This difference, in many cases, was a very wide one, and the total difference amounted to many thousand dollars. Not only had the manager attempted to secure double payment for some parts of the business, but he had also valued the assets much above the prices agreed upon for the transfer. His cupidity had, in a word, not only warped his honesty but his business judgment as well, and had led him to a length of bald-faced dishonesty that was simply ludicrous.

Efforts to secure new credits, larger credits or extension of credits generally require the services of an "expert" accountant. In many cases he finds that records of account have been as carefully manipulated for this purpose as for that of actual sale or transfer. And, by the same token, he frequently finds that this "crooked work" has been done with surprising trust in the blindness of the intended victims of the transaction and their advisers.

Some time ago I was called upon to audit the accounts of a firm which desired to secure an extension of credit upon one of its heaviest creditors. In the main I found the accounts well kept and substantially correct. The total of the inventory of merchandise and supplies at the close of the fiscal year showed a large increase over the total of the one taken at the beginning of the year. When I asked for the previous inventory I was informed that it had been mislaid. A circumstance of this kind, although apparently slight, is generally sufficient to excite the suspicion of a special accountant. Therefore I at once began to scrutinize the inventory at hand. Only a little digging was needed to reveal the fact that it showed a larger stock on hand of certain kinds of materials than had been bought, as shown by the books of the house, during the previous three years! An investigation proved the *prima facie* fact that invoices from creditors had been withheld from entry in the books. This made the showing of the firm exceptionally good when, as a matter of fact, the business was positively insolvent. Whenever an old invoice or other document necessary for exact comparison is missing it is high time for the special accountant to begin the process of careful proving.

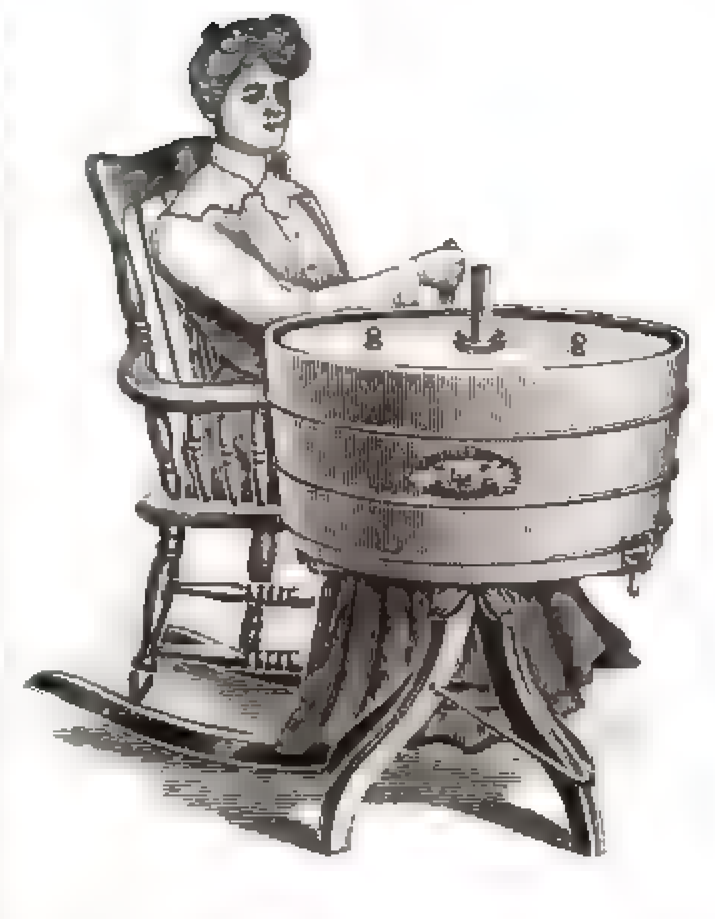
Occasionally the accountant uncovers a phase of experience which seems to be decidedly in contradiction to average human nature, and which gives him material for all the philosophizing and analysis in which he may care to indulge.

An accountant handling the transfer of an individual business to a consolidation company asked the seller to classify his accounts receivable under the headings good, bad and doubtful. This he indignantly refused to do, claiming that all the accounts were absolutely good. As his books failed to show that any accounts had been charged off for more than a year previous, or that any provision had been made for a reserve against bad accounts, it seemed to the accountant that some percentage, at least, of the accounts receivable must be actually uncollectable. This the proprietor refused to admit, although it was clearly pointed out to him that such an admission would not at all reflect upon his management of the business. It was against his protest that I inventoried these accounts at ninety per cent. of their face, allowing ten per cent. for the cost of collection.

The Price of Pride

Negotiations were prolonged and the option contracts expired. A few months later, however, the deal was put through on the basis of the old inventories and appraisements, the new contracts providing that each of the several concerns involved in the merger should turn over in quick assets, at market value, at least the amount shown by the inventory. Any discrepancy was to be made good in cash, while any excess was to be thrown in with the plant at the selling price as good measure. The sale and transfer were to go into immediate effect. At the time of the opening of the books for the new firm the special accountant called upon each manager of the old firms to furnish the list of the accounts receivable that they had transferred which could be looked upon as worthless, so that these accounts would not be included in the assets of the amalgamation.

The list furnished by the particular proprietor who had been so sensitive on the score of his "good accounts" included nearly forty per cent. of his entire accounts receivable and made a difference in the amount of his quick assets at market value, upon his own appraisement, of $30,000. As his other quick assets exceeded by $10,000 the amount of his original inventory, he was left indebted to the new firm for some $20,000, for which he promptly wrote his check. His was about as expensive a display of pride as the accountant could hope to find in the course of a "long and useful career."



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You throw the soiled clothes into the tub first. Then you throw enough water over the clothes to float them.

Next you put the heavy wooden cover on top of the clothes to anchor them, and to press them down.

This cover has slats on its lower side to grip the clothes and hold them from turning around when the tub turns.

Now we are all ready for quick and easy washing.

You grasp the upright handle on the side of the tub and, with it, you revolve the tub one-third way round, till it strikes a motor-spring.

This motor-spring throws the tub back till it strikes the other motor-spring, which in turn throws it back on the first motor spring.

The machine must have a little help from you, at every swing, but the motor-springs, and the ball bearings, do practically all the hard work.

You can sit in a rocking chair and do all that the washer requires of you. A child can run it easily full of clothes.

* *

When you revolve the tub the clothes don't move.

But the water moves like a mill race through the clothes.

The paddles on the tub bottom drive the soapy water THROUGH and through the clothes at every swing of the tub. Back and forth, in and out of every fold, and through every mesh in the cloth, the hot soapy water runs like a torrent. This is how it carries away all the dirt from the clothes, in from six to ten minutes by the clock.

It drives the dirt out through the meshes of the fabrics WITHOUT ANY RUBBING,—without any WEAR and TEAR from the washboard.

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But, if, from a month's actual use, you are convinced it saves HALF the time in washing, does the work better, and does it twice as easily as it could be done by hand, you keep the machine.

Then you mail us 60 cents a week till it is paid for.

Remember that 60 cents is part of what the machine saves you every week on your own, or on a washer-woman's labor. We intend that the "1900" Washer shall pay for itself and thus cost you nothing.

You don't risk a cent from first to last, and you don't buy it until you have had a full month's trial.

Could we afford to pay freight on thousands of these machines every month, if we did not positively KNOW they would do all we claim for them? Can you afford to be without a machine that will do your washing in HALF THE TIME, with half the wear and tear of the washboard, when you can have that machine for a month's free trial, and let it PAY FOR ITSELF? This offer may be withdrawn at any time it overcrowds our factory.

Write us TODAY, while the offer is still open, and while you think of it. The postage stamp is all you risk. Write me personally on this offer, viz.: R. F. Bieber, General Manager of "1900" Washer Company, 615 North Henry St., Binghamton, New York.

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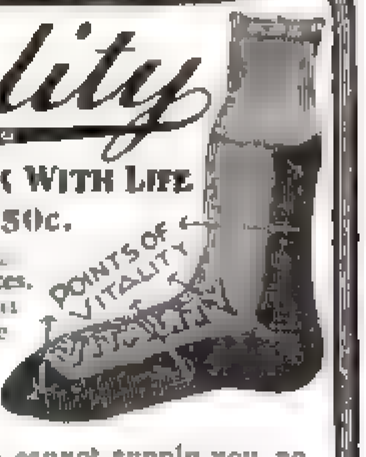

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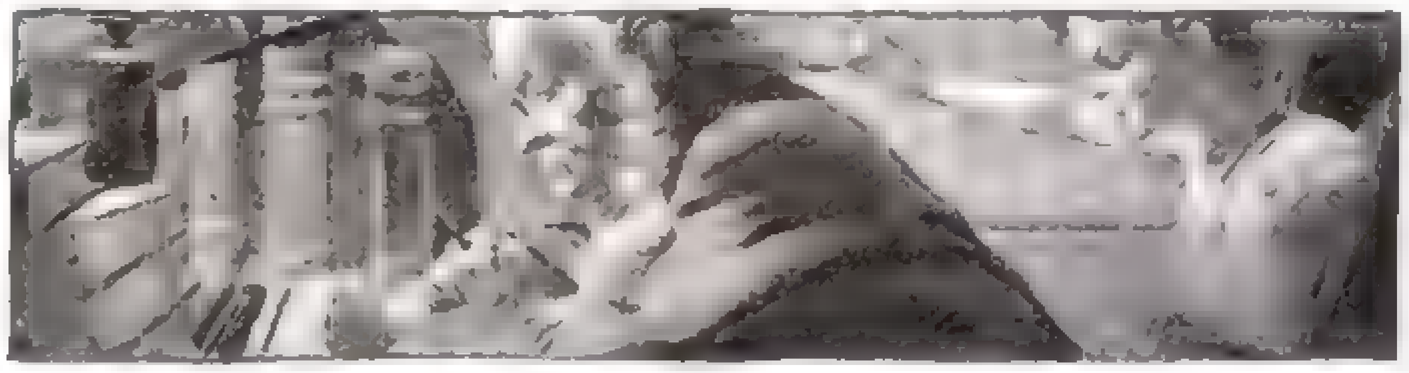
The Reading Table



Apt Adulteration's Artful Aid

Once chicory composed a half
Of the morning cup we're wont to quaff.

But now in coffee, whole or ground,
Small trace of chicory is found.

Have coffee-sellers changed their ways
In these uncertain latter days?

Alas, no! they are just the same;
But the chicory chaps are in the game

Which, being here translated, means
That chicory's now half peas and beans.

The coffee-dealers all complain
Pure chicory they can't obtain.

And now — it need not cause surprise —
The bean men, too, are growing wise

Crushed peas and beans of late, we're told,
Fifty per cent. of sawdust hold.

The chicory-venders loudly cry
Pure beans and peas they cannot buy.

When sawdust profits shall decline
The sawdust men will get in line;

And we shall see the fact disclosed
Sawdust of clay is half composed

The bean men then will sadly own
Pure sawdust is no longer known.

Then will the clay men take a hand,
And mix their wares, perhaps, with sand.

Whereat the sawdust folks will say
"Alack, there is no more pure clay!"

Nor will the sand men lag behind—
Some cheaper stuff they'll surely find

And so on back, *ad infinitum*!
There isn't further space to cite 'em.

At breakfast, then, let's not look glum;
Of comfort there's at least one crumb,
To wit: The worst is yet to come

—*Hayden Carruth*

A Helping Hand

ONE very slippery day Mark Twain, in his great sealskin overcoat, was walking down Maine Street, in Hartford. A portly citizen, whom he knew by sight, fell just in front of him, with a side-rending thud. Looking calmly down, with that shadowy smile which only stirred his heavy mustache, Mark Twain drawled:

"You'll have to hit it again and a little harder. Then I think you'll break through."

All appreciation of humor had been so well shaken out of the fat man that with a purple face he told Mr. Clemens to go where there is always a successful corner on ice and snow

Mark Twain stuffed his hands deep into the sealskin pockets after his fashion, hung his head pathetically on one side in his inimitable way, and walked on, saying sadly:

"That is the very last time that I'll ever try to encourage a man to get up when he is down on ice."

A Musical Prodigy

ON ONE of Nordica's trips in this country two or three years ago, there were in her party Mr. Charlton, who acted as her manager, and Mr. Simmons, her accompanist. Although not resembling each other very strongly they were several times mistaken for each other.

On one occasion a young man came up to the manager and said:

"Allow me to congratulate you on the way you played that Chopin Polonaise to-night. It was superb."

"Well, you see," was the reply of the personage in question, whose appetite for a joke no amount of hard work can destroy, "I studied it with Chopin himself."

He could scarcely wait to get into the car to acquaint the accompanist with what had happened

"And Chopin dead these fifty years and more!" said the young pianist limply, when he had heard it. "What do you suppose he will think of me when he finds out?"

Dried Grass

A VERY mild and gentle man stood at the telephone in Washington recently. He had a message which must be delivered personally to the Secretary of State, and, lacking the means to reach the Department in time, he fled to the telephone and called up the Secretary's room. He was told, as usual, to hold the wire, and presently a voice said: "Hello!"

His affair being a personal one, the mild man felt the necessity of assuring himself as to the person at the other end, and asked: "Who is speaking?" The reply was so brief and faint that it left him still in doubt, and he said: "I don't catch it." Once more the short sound came without helping matters, and he said again: "Speak louder. I don't catch it."

There was an ominous pause Then the receiver warped and shook to stentorian tones remarking:

"Hay! H-a-y! Dried grass! Hay! Secretary H-a-y! Now do you catch it?"

He caught it

The Musical Top

JOSEPH HAWORTH, the actor, had in his possession a small red musical top, which would not bring more than a few cents if offered for sale, but which to him had a value far beyond its cost, for it was a unique memento of his friendship with John McCullough

"One evening," said Mr. Haworth, "while we were sitting in the office of the Sturtevant House a ragged and pale faced little fellow came in with some musical tops in his arms. He went up to several groups of men who were lounging about the corridor, but those he addressed turned abruptly away from him. He was about to pass us by when McCullough called him

"'What brings you out so late, my boy?' he said kindly—and if there was ever a voice that could express gentleness and kindliness it was McCullough's

"'I'm selling these tops,' the lad answered. He really looked very ill, and in reply to further inquiries he said that he had had hardly anything to eat that day, as all the money in the house had gone for medicine for his sick mother, whose only support was such small amounts as were brought in by the little fellow and his two brothers.

"At first I was slightly skeptical, but as the child talked on under the influence of McCullough's gentle questioning I saw that his story was genuine. There was something so sympathetic about McCullough that before the boy knew it he was in tears McCullough drew the lad toward him, patted him on the head, and said

"'Don't cry, now; you're a good little chap, and you're doing your duty in the best way you know how. Be good to your mother always. You can never have but one. God bless you.'

"He took two of the tops and handed the boy a ten-dollar bill. As the child left the hotel in a somewhat dazed condition McCullough looked after him with dimmed eyes and said softly.

"'My mother's face was the sweetest I ever saw.'

"And one of those tops he gave to me."

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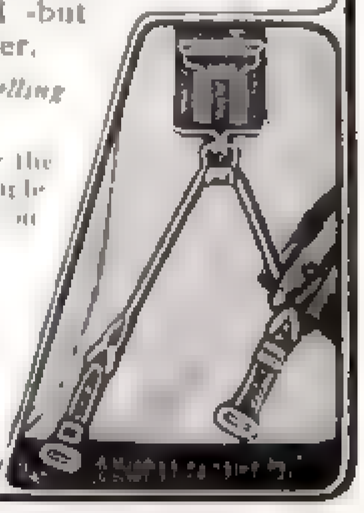

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Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work

THE HISTORICAL NOVEL—Its pale ghost walks again in Virna Sheard's story, By the Queen's Grace.

¶ From time to time the ghost of the historical novel still walks through the lists of new books. As a form of romance, it cannot truthfully, of course, be said to be revived; rather is it merely not wholly at rest in spite of the long critical efforts to lay it. For its occasional reappearance, therefore, one must try to account. The law of supply and demand doubtless applies in the spirit as well as in the commercial world—mediums would starve else—and the fact that these spectres still materialize must mean simply that there are still people who believe in them.

That sort of people will, then, be pleased with Virna Sheard's By the Queen's Grace *(Frederick A. Stokes Company)*, a story of old London in the times of the Virgin Queen. Its heroine is a self-willed young person of the type common to such books since first she made the fortune of an Indiana lawyer who undertook to tell his readers what the world was like when knighthood flowered. Under her latest alias, she lives on London Bridge, and, though she has her moments of rare sunniness and gentleness, this Joyce Davenport exerts her more masculine wit, will and courage to win her heart's desire. Among the characters is one said to be Queen Elizabeth.

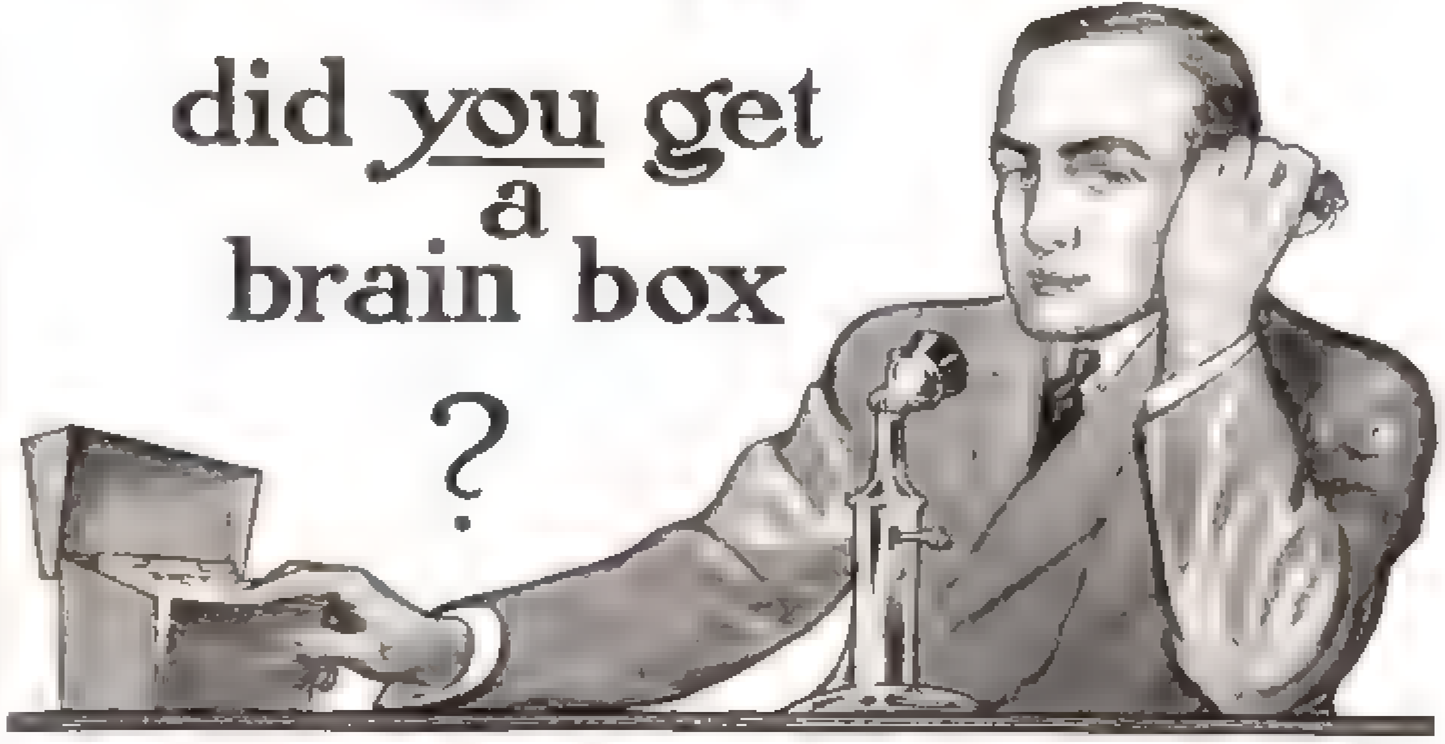
KING LEOPOLD AND THE CONGO—An American defense of Belgian rule in mid-Africa.

¶ The first official history of the Congo Free State has just been published: The Story of the Congo Free State. Social, Political and Economic Aspects of the Belgian System of Government in Central Africa. By Henry Wellington Wack, F. R. G. S. *(G. P. Putnam's Sons)*. At least, it is the first history written from the sources. The author went to King Leopold and professed a desire, as an interested observer and student of mid-African affairs, to write "the true history of the affairs of the Congo—absolutely without suggestion or interference from any of his Ministers or himself." His Majesty opened the archives of the administration of the Congo Free State and left Mr. Wack to his work. The preface again repeats that at no time was there any suggestion, interference or revision from "any person connected either directly or indirectly, with his Majesty, with the Congo Free State, or the Belgian Government."

Mr. Wack made his notes and translations, took his copies and came away. The resulting volume is a large indexed quarto of over 600 pages, with many reproductions from photographs, and a large map. Its special interest to the general reader will lie in its review of the British charges of cruelty and extortion against the Congo Administration. These charges have been given wide circulation on the Continent and at each repetition have gained increasing attention among Americans. Mr. Wack devotes 168 pages to them in detail and sums them up in a sentence as "a tower of Babel on a pile of words." His admiration of King Leopold as an organizer, executive and far-sighted statesman is unqualified. He predicts a great future for the Congo Free State, and pays the highest tribute to the men of thought and action who have thus far shaped its course.

¶ **MINOR MENTION:** Hitherto there has been little in the figure of Senator Hanna to remind one of Adonais—except that they are both dead—but the resemblance grows now that they divide the honor of a threnody: The Senator, a Threnody, by Henry Christopher McCook *(George W. Jacobs)*. It seems a curious error in taste, this publication, however admirable an act of friendship. Senator Hanna's achievement in politics was honorable and creditable, but it does not touch the

Mr. Busy-Man



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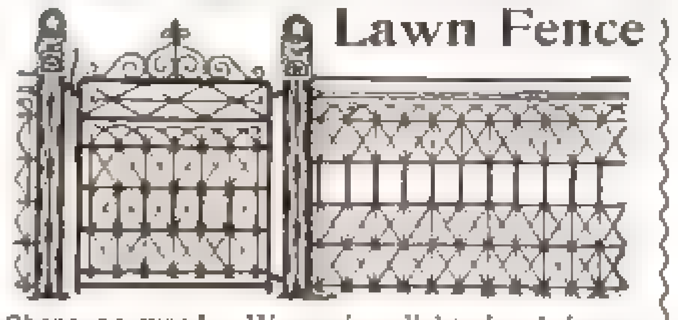

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imagination; no one will ever write "Captain, my Captain" for him. His career in business might well have been a source of pride to him, and no doubt he was the model man at home Doctor McCook paints him; but to sing the heroisms of the swimming pool and the heroics of the debating society in six cantos, with sixty-eight pages of biographical notes, and portraits in halftone of the family, is a fault of enthusiasm that the stout uncle himself, with his practical eye and healthy sense of the ridiculous, never would have tolerated for an instant. Fortunately his friends are far more likely to forget it in his absence than they ever would be if he were here for them to twit with it.

¶ **Rostand in English and Stephen Phillips in** England are responsible for many things. Their partial success in reviving the actable poetic drama has entailed attempts not even partially successful on the part of many others. Of these apostles there are two sorts: the impossible and the commonplace. The former are easily dismissed, but the latter are thorns in the sides of the reviewer—and of such Olive Tilford Dargan, in her Semiramis and Other Plays *(Brentano's)*, proves herself to be. These dramatic sketches are just not quite good. In Semiramis—which is a new version of the historic story—[illegible]—is a picture of the torrid natures popularly supposed to be common to Mexico—there are no faulty lines and a more than occasional happy phrase, but in both the characters and their passions are as unreal as their utterances are [illegible]. That her [illegible] proper vehicle of expression is prose is demonstrated by [illegible] with which the book concludes. It is a tender and, in some respects, a beautiful piece of work, contrived with art and executed with delicacy. In it lies Miss Dargan's promise, and no small one. For her verse is prosaic and her prose poetical.

¶ **There is but one Omar,** and Fitzgerald is his prophet. It has been said, and if any still doubt it let them read The Lover's Rubaiyat, edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse *(Small, Maynard & Co.)*, a little volume "mosaiced together," as the preface has it, from translations by Fitzgerald, LeGallienne, Mrs. Jessie E. Cadell, John Leslie Garner, F. York Powell and Edwin Kendall Cutter. For the great only is such triumphant vindication at the hands of one's imitators reserved. Trust the admiring imitator to search out and flaunt the great man's weaknesses—but Fitzgerald stands the test.

¶ **There are really two stories** in Mysterious Mr. Sabin *(Little, Brown & Co.)*. The author, Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim, starts out to interest you in the riddle of a beautiful young woman who appears in London under the shadow of a terrible unknown, and who is straightway loved by an Englishman of title. The young lady tells her wooer that his suit is impossible—and meanwhile the terrible unknown is employing desperate means to enter the country house of the Englishman and obtain certain papers from the library of the young fellow's half-mad father, a tremendous authority upon the naval weakness of his country. Well, you find out at last that the girl is a claimant to the throne of France, and that her wicked guardian means to secure her the crown by Germany's aid, vouchsafed in return for the guardian's betrayal of England. The plan fails, the lovers are united, and the terrible schemer runs away, hounded by the secret service of the Kaiser, who considers himself very shabbily treated. Then and there begins story number two, and the rest of the book is devoted to the escape of the former villain, who immediately becomes a hero! The end of the matter is that everybody—except, presumably, the Kaiser—is made happy and that the reader has passed an evening not devoid of entertainment.

¶ **When it is considered** that ninety per cent. of the world's trade is carried on by credit, and that St. Elmo Lewis has come to be regarded as an authority on this subject, it will be seen that his volume on The Credit Man and His Work *(The Bookkeeper Publishing Company, Limited)* has an interest almost equal to its technical importance. The work has been gone about systematically and comprehensively. There is a history of the credit system, a chapter in which is advanced the theory that credit is based solely on the demand for marketable materials, and of course, a series of expositions on the various features of the credit man's business, not to mention those on credit indemnity insurance and the slow-pay customer.

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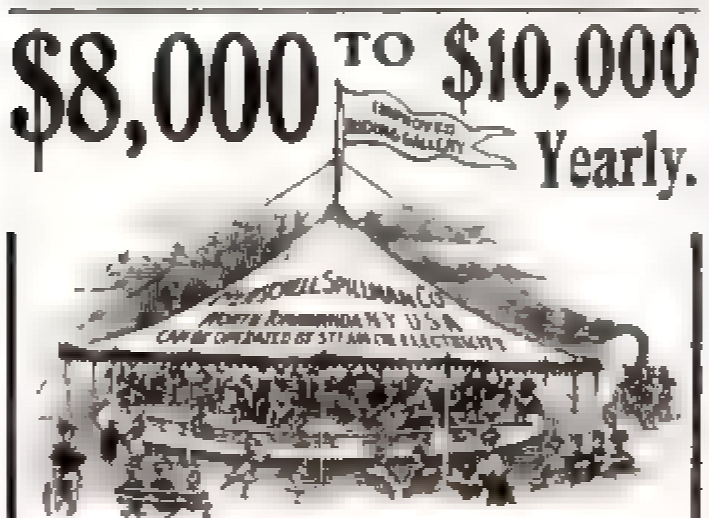

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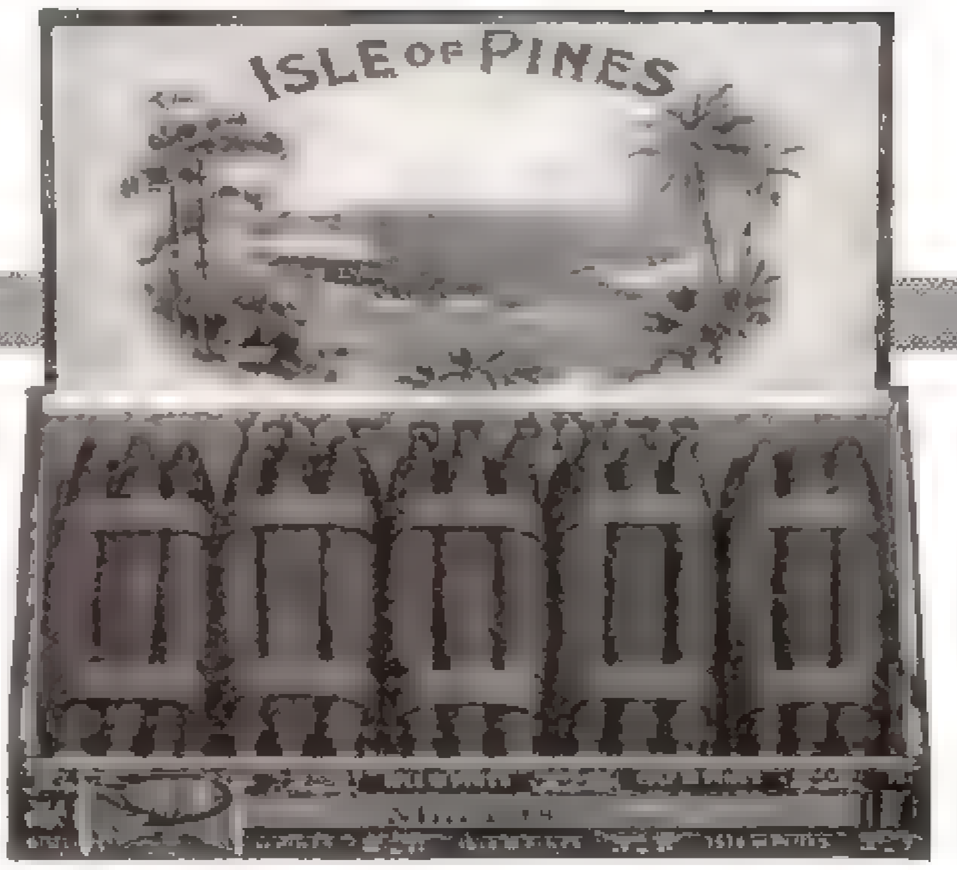

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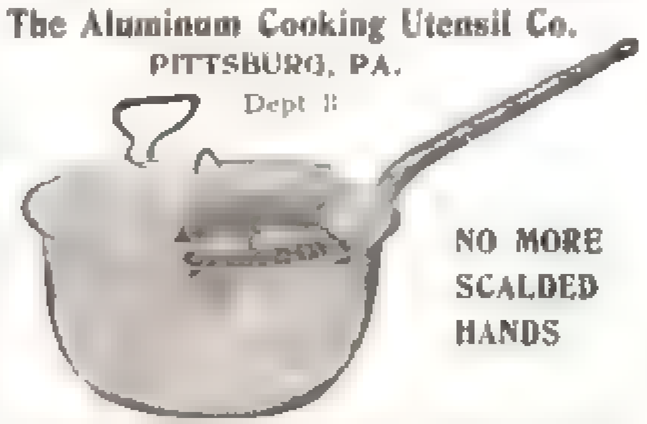

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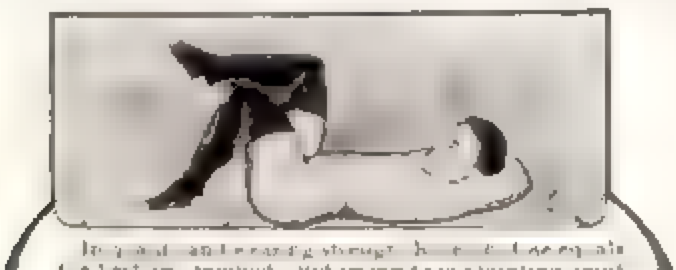

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The Swastika

Continued from [illegible]

too, for they both flushed with a sudden constraint that was abruptly broken by the entrance of the maid with another telegram

"What the deuce——" stammered Hildreth, tearing open the yellow envelope, and he read

> ADRINTHA LODGE
> *John Hildreth:* I'm watching you in my crystal. If you want the Society for Psychical Research to become my heirs, do exactly what you're doing with that girl.
> PETER HILDRETH

"Is—is it anything alarming?" asked the pretty stenographer as he crumpled the paper.

"Alarming? I don't know—no! What the mischief has got into that uncle of mine?"

"Is it from *him?*" she asked, turning pale

"Yes—it *is.* But if he thinks he can make me believe that he sees me in his dinky little crystal——"

"Oh, don't talk that way," she pleaded, "there *may* be things that we don't understand happening all the while——"

"There can't be!"

For a while she was dumb, mutely refusing to be reassured, and presently, rising from the table, they passed into the gay little room where her desk stood.

The fire was glowing very brightly in the carved fireplace of golden and pearl-tinted onyx. He drew up his uncle's great chair for her; she shook her head and looked meaningly at her pad and pencil, but after a silent struggle with indecision and inclination she seated herself by the gilt fender, pretty hands folded in acquiescence

"Now," he said, "let us speak of those things that *have* come true."

"What has come true, Mr. Hildreth?"

"You."

The slightest of rose tints touched her cheeks

"Did you believe me unreal?" she asked

He was leaning forward, looking up into her face, which reflected the pink light of the fire. And what he started to say Heaven alone knows, for his voice was dreadfully unsteady. However, it ceased quickly enough when the maid knocked rather loudly and presented a third telegram to her disconcerted master; and this was what he read:

> ADRINTHA LODGE
> *John Hildreth:* If you kiss that girl you're talking to I'll disinherit you
> PETER HILDRETH.

Stunned, the young man sat for a moment, vacant eyes fixed on the writing that alternately blurred and sprang into dreadful distinctness under his gaze. Presently he heard a voice not much like his own saying: "It's nonsense; things like this don't happen in 1905 in the borough of Manhattan. Why, that's Fifth Avenue out there, and there's Thirtieth Street, too; besides, the town's full of police; and they pinch star-readers and astrologers these days. Anyway, we have the swastika, and will put any Sixth Avenue astrologer out of business——"

"I—I don't think I quite understand you," faltered the girl

He looked at her; the scared expression died out.

"I'll get my uncle on the long-distance 'phone in a moment," he said irritably "Then we'll clear up this business. Meanwhile——" He twisted up the telegram as though to cast it on the coals

"Let me see it," she said calmly

"I—it is—no—I can't——"

"Then it concerns *me?*"

He was silent

"Very well," she said. "Don't burn it; leave it for a moment."

He laid the telegram on the arm of his chair. "It's more crystal gazing," he said, trying to laugh easily, and failing. "It is rather extraordinary, too. But—see here, Miss Grey, it's utter nonsense to believe that my uncle can actually see us here in this room"

"I concede that it is rather odd, even, perhaps, exceedingly remarkable," he added slowly; "but I cannot believe that *my* uncle, 200 miles north of us, can see you and me in his confounded crystal. My explanation of his telegrams is this: he has merely taken the precaution, at intervals, to try to frighten me, assuming that I'm in mischief. It's coincidence——"

"Mr. Hildreth!"

"Not that I admit for one moment that you and I *are* in mischief!" he explained hastily.

"But *I* admit it. It is all wrong, and we both know it. If I am not here officially I ought not to be here at all."

"Can't I talk to you except on business?"

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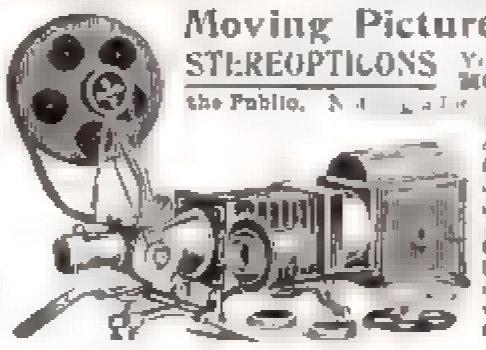

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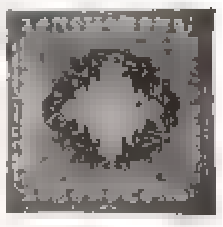

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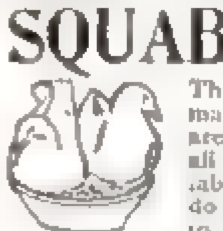

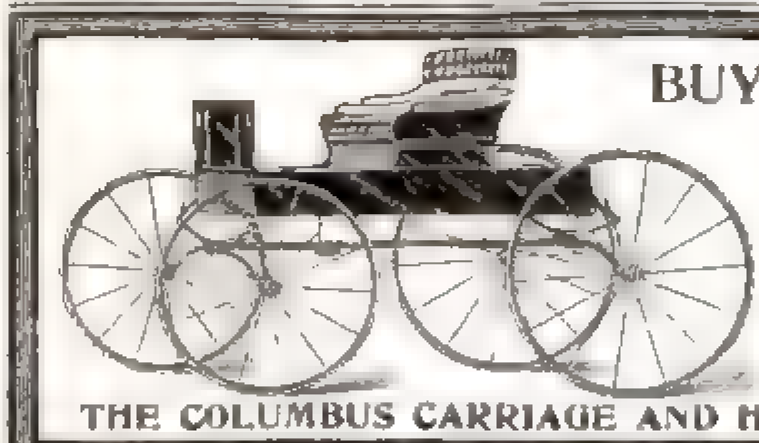

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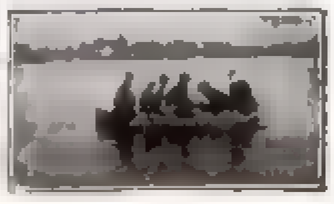

"Why should you?"

"Because I want to—because it is pleasant—because it's the pleasantest thing that has ever come into my life!"

"That cannot be," she said, paling. "You know many people, you go everywhere—everywhere that I do not——"

"If I were not an advertising poet at thirty dollars a week," he said, "I'd not care where my uncle left his millions. I'd do what I pleased—what I ought to do—what any man with a grain of sense would do."

"What would you do, Mr. Hildreth?"

"Make love to the girl I love, and not be scared away like a rabbit!"

She was still paler when she said: "Are you—in love, then?"

"Yes; but I can't tell her."

She was silent, staring into the fire.

"I can't tell her, can I? I have nothing to offer—nothing except a prospect of losing my expectations. A man can't tell a girl that he loves her under such circumstances, can he?"

"I—don't know."

"Do you suppose a—a girl like that would wait for him—until he got into the firm?"

"If she loved him," said Miss Grey in a low voice, "there is absolutely no telling what that girl might do."

"Suppose," he said carelessly, "for the sake of illustration, that I was, at this moment, with that girl. For example"—he waved his hand airily—"for example, suppose you were that girl. Now, suppose that I told her I loved her; do you imagine that uncle of mine could see what I was about—if I worked the swastika on him vigorously?"

"I don't know," she said, staring at the fire. "[illegible] how to work the swastika."

"If you—if you would consent to aid me—just a little," he ventured, "I could soon prove whether it was safe to speak to the—the other girl."

"How, Mr. Hildreth?"

"By just—just pretending that you were that other girl."

"You mean that you might practice a declaration—test it—on me? Just to see how it might affect your uncle?"

"Yes," he said eagerly, "and if my uncle doesn't telegraph again that he disowns me, why, I'll know that his other telegrams were merely coincidences!"

"And if he *does* telegraph that he has seen—everything—in his crystal?"

"Why—we'll have to wait [illegible]."

"The *other* girl and you? I see. You and I can truthfully deny our apparent guilt, can't we? [illegible] I will do what I can, Mr. Hildreth."

She stood up, one little hand on the back of the chair. He hesitated, then picked up the last telegram, opened it, and handed it to her, reading it again over her shoulder:

"*If you kiss that girl you're talking to I'll disinherit you.*"

A bright blush stained her skin.

"It is only—only to test his power," he managed to say, but the thumping of his heart jarred his speech and scared him into silence.

"You—is it necessary to kiss me?"

"Yes—absolutely."

She met his gaze, standing erect, one hand on the chair. Then she drew a long breath as he lifted her hand; her eyes closed. He said: "I love you—I loved you the moment I saw you—a month ago!" This was no doubt a mistake; he was mixing the two girls. "What do I care for a crystal-squinting uncle, or for those accursed Honey Water verses? If he's looking at us now let us convince him, shall we—sweetheart?"

She unclosed her eyes. "Am I to play my part when you speak to me like that? I don't know how——"

"Do what I do," he stammered; and he encircled her slender waist and kissed her until, cheeks aflame, she swayed a moment in his arms, freed herself, and sank breathless into the chair, covering her face. And he knelt beside her by the gilt fender, his lips to her fingers, stammering words that almost stunned her and left her faint with their passion and sweetness:

"You must have known that it was you I loved—that *you* were that *other* girl. You must have seen it a thousand times!"

She was crying silently; she could not speak, but one arm tightened around his neck in tremulous assent.

The telephone call had been ringing for some time in their ears, deaf to all sounds except each other's whispers, but at length he stumbled to his feet, cleared his eyes of enchantment, and made his way across the room to the receiver.

"What the deuce is the matter?"

"*Who?*"

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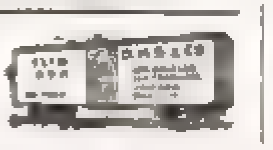

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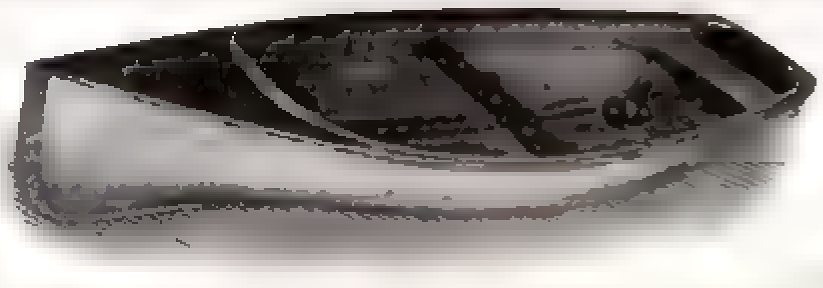

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160 North Street Kalamazoo, Mich., U. S. A.

"Oh, is that you, Uncle Peter?"

"Yes, I did get your telegrams, but I thought——"

. . . .

"You mean to say you can *see us* [illegible]"

"No, I don't deny it; I did kiss her."

"Because I love her!"

"I can't help it; you can do as you please. And I may as well tell you that I'm not afraid of your professors, or clairvoyants, or your crystals, because I've got a swastika——

"Yes, a swastika!"

"You don't know what a swastika is? Well, let me tell you it's about five thousand times more powerful than a rabbit's foot. What? . . . Yes, I'll hold the wire till you look it up in the dictionary."

A throbbing silence. Then:

"Yes, Uncle Peter, I'm here."

"Very well; I'm sorry you're angry, and I regret that you're not afraid of the swastika. I am quite willing to trust to it, the swastika gave me the girl I love. And, by the way, Uncle Peter, didn't you write me that my advertising poems made a fortune for you out of your wafers? . . . All right; I only wanted to confess that she, not I, wrote them."

"Don't believe it? Why, I could no more write those charming verses than *you* could!"

"You may imagine that with her talent and mine, and the swastika working away for us, we are not going to starve—

"That's just what we intend to do. Bunsen's Baby Biscuit Company will appreciate our talents. Besides, she can draw——"

"You can call it blackmail if you choose. But what do you offer us to refuse advances from Bunsen?"

"No, I won't consider it. My price is full partnership in the Hildreth's Honey Wafer Company, a cordial blessing from you, use of your apartments for a year, and the same old cozy place in your testament."

"Yes, in return we will write your poetry and draw your pictures for you. And, besides, we'll name after you our first——"

"Jack!" she exclaimed, aghast.

"Dearest, for Heaven's sake let me deal with him!" whispered Hildreth; then he shouted through the transmitter:

"Is it all right, Uncle Peter?"

"I promise you—*we* promise you that we will name him Peter! If you don't, by Heaven, I'll name him Bunsen——"

"That's all right but we're desperate. Peter or Bunsen—take your choice!"

"Yes; and I'll have his photograph taken for Bunsen, and under it I'll print: 'A Bunsen's Baby Biscuit Boy!'"

"Don't use such language; they'll cut us off!"

"What?"

"Good! All right, Uncle Peter, you're a brick. But—just one thing more; please put that crystal away for an hour or two——"

"Because we'd like a little privacy."

"Of course I shall. Long engagements are foolish——"

"Jack!"

"Dearest, you know they are," he said, turning toward her. "Shall I tell him in a week?"

Her blue eyes filled; again the little tremor of acquiescence set her red mouth quivering.

"In a week, Uncle Peter!" he shouted.

"What? I'll ask her. Hold the wire."

And to her he said: "Sweetheart, our kind Uncle Peter desires to say something civil to you. I—I think it may be something about a check. Will you speak to him?"

She rose and came toward him; he handed her the receiver; she raised her head and he bent his. They kissed—while his uncle waited.

Then she raised the receiver to her pretty ear, and said, very softly:

"Hallo! Hallo, Uncle Peter!"

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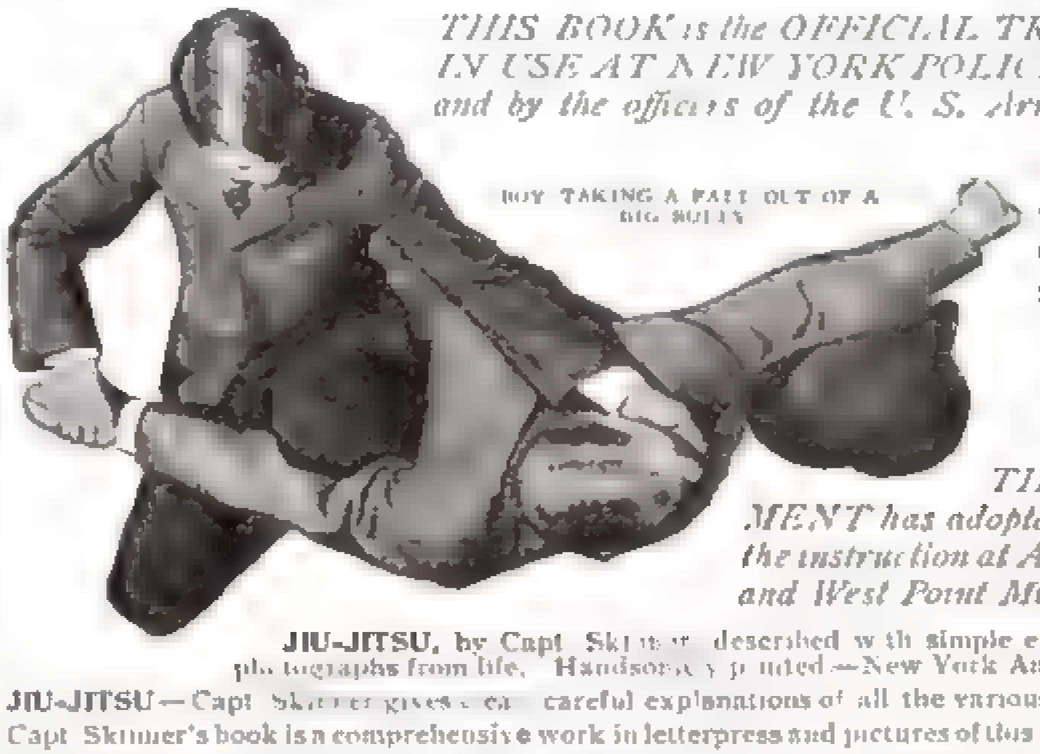

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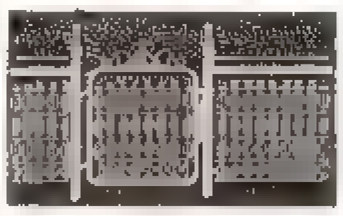

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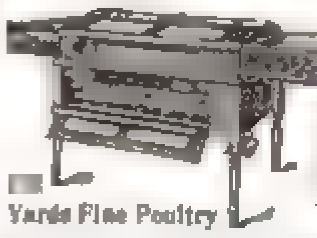

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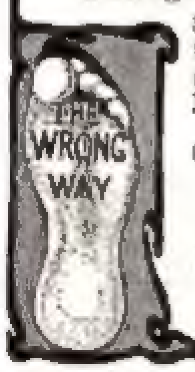

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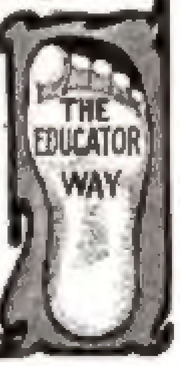

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American Progress in the Philippines

(Concluded from Page 5)

battalion drill and inspection, using their paddles for rifles, and standing along the teetering edge of the light bancas, pulled out in a row. They had caught the inspection drill to perfection. All of the orders and comments and much of their conversation was in English.

Americanisms which the people understand and which attract them — language, music, dress — they grasp without asking. It is astonishing to note the changes which have quietly taken place in remote localities. In Albai, four years ago, I attended a Sunday-afternoon cock-fight — in the regulation order of Sabbath-day exercises — where not one man in ten wore more than a G-string pad and few of the women more than a low hip-skirt, touching the knees. Last summer I watched the Sunday throngs laughing in those streets that were fairly brilliant with bright color, hardly a bare back among them except the children. There is no law that they must clothe themselves, nor is modesty the cause; for their modesty is innate and real, not external and artificial. Out in the rice fields, or working in the rain, both men and women strip entirely. It is simply a fad for the picturesque; a passion for the pretty; an Americanism progressing.

This *sub-rosa* penetration of Americanism is well illustrated in the inland province of Bontoc, away from inspiration, but also away from coast contamination. Bontoc is a land of mountains, grass-covered slopes, ragged peaks, twisted rocks and fertile valleys. The inhabitants call themselves Ipukao, which simply means "People." They are the original head-hunting savages, who were still at their trade four years ago; brave and fierce fellows, and every ato in Bontoc has its grass basket of skulls. Spanish priests tried in vain to convert them, and Spain found them difficult to subjugate. Not ten natives in Bontoc to-day can make themselves understood in Spanish.

In 1899 Major March came through Bontoc, looking for Aguinaldo, who had left there six hours before. It was the first impression which they received of the new conquerors. In 1900 Doctor Hunt went to Bontoc and made himself essential till people came to him for help from outlying villages. He consented to go to them if they would make roads for him, and they made them. It was their first evidence.

In 1902 a force of native constabulary was formed. The soldiers to-day have a fine military bearing. They are the best-drilled company in the provinces, and are particularly proud of calling themselves "Soldiers of America." A lot of children are attending public schools, which are conducted entirely in English, and many of the people can speak English better than any one in the province speaks Spanish.

But wonderful as the real progress of Americanism has been in the islands for so short a period, it is mutually injurious to expect too much. The whole cannot be accomplished till the present generation is gone. Education is the lever which must finally lift to a common higher level, weaning from bigotry and superstition by a satisfactory substitute. It will be the children of to-day who will eventually complete the tale of emancipation. It is with them that Americanism has taken the firmest hold and with them that it will finally succeed or fail. These children are the future of the Philippines.

There are nearly 300,000 of them to-day attending public schools in the islands. The schools are graded and conducted entirely in English, to supply such knowledge as is most necessary for the development of the islands; which means that 300,000 children are constantly carrying into homes such facts and theories of modern life as could not possibly penetrate in any other way.

Alarmists naturally predict that we are educating and reconstructing a force in the Philippines which is destined to add immeasurably to the strength of the arm of the Yellow Peril. It may be true, or it may be that the progress of Americanism in the Philippines will prove a buffer, effectually preventing any threatened blow. One is as possible as the other. It is early yet to predict of the Filipino. He has both propensities, and either may develop.

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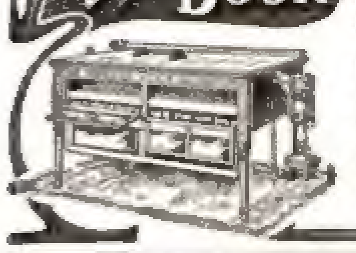

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Seeking Investment

(Concluded from Page 9)

Of course, Raddle, Lewes and myself had no benefit from this dividend—the share we received only replacing the money we'd advanced—but "all things come to him who waits," or, as Lewes wittily remarked: "'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush' don't go in modern business! We'll take the bush and all the birds in it."

Another year passed, and this time, owing to fairly good business, and good judgment in charging up expenses—also by following the same plan with regard to purchasing material with our dividends that we had previously adopted—we were able to show a profit of nearly ten per cent.

And now I prepared to weave together these various strands and reap the benefit of my industry and self-denial. On my traveling tours I had made the acquaintance of many small business men, and some farmers, and I never failed to talk about our patent wrench and its profit-making possibilities. I have always observed that there seems to be a mystery about a patent which is wonderfully attractive to the common people. We had engravings of the wrench on our cards and letter-heads, and for a year past it was generally understood to be the article by which we earned such excellent dividends.

In consequence of this judicious policy I found little difficulty in disposing of small blocks of my stock here and there—five shares to one; ten or twenty to another, always at par—and in a few months I had quietly sold $35,000 worth, leaving me with $15,000 on hand.

How marvelously success comes to him who earnestly and diligently strives! Mr. Riddaugh's greed was excited by the excellent showing of our business. The old man, knowing that I had sold some of my stock, deceitfully and ungratefully commenced to undermine me, and plotted with some of the stockholders to gain control and get himself elected president at the next annual meeting. I joyfully helped him in his nefarious scheme by annoying him at every opportunity, and perhaps rather harshly treating his son—then one day, after a very serious quarrel, I offered to sell out and get out.

I saw the triumphant gleam in his avaricious eyes, and, although he tried to beat me down on the price, I stood steadfast and true—took $15,000 for my remaining stock, and with it tendered my resignation. Upon its acceptance, which the grasping old man took care was soon granted, I treated myself to a much-needed and well-earned vacation for two months, returning to New York in the best of health and spirits. Lewes, Raddle and myself dined together the evening of my return, and they said some very kind things to me.

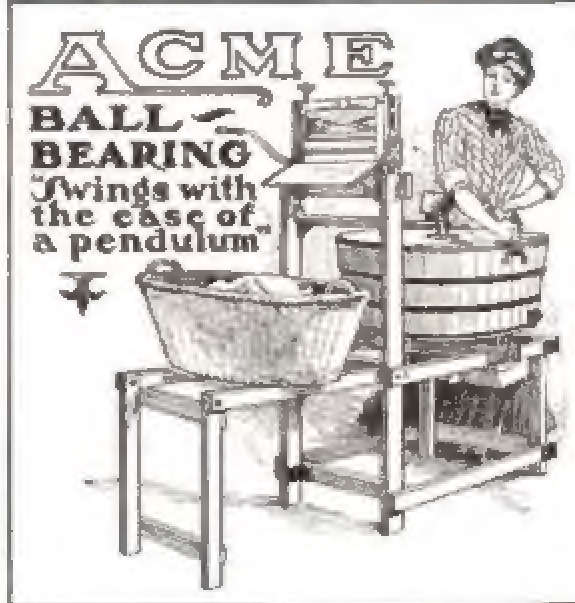
"We've made no mistake in taking you up, Dick. You've done well. Bought the little plant for $2500 and sold your stock for $50,000—that's good goods! Of course, Lewes and I have only cleaned up a little compared with that, but there's bigger things ahead for all of us."

"By the way, Richard," said Lewes with a grin, "Riddaugh has been looking for you."

"What's he want?" I asked, trying to conceal my uneasiness.

"The business sagacity of the estimable president of the Weybourne Tool Company is up to 160 and he'd like to have a heart-to-heart talk with you—and ask a few questions. He's puzzling over some sort of discrepancy between shop costs and selling prices—or whatever the manufacturing terms may be. Don't get nervous, Richard; I sympathized with him and took him out to dinner, and told him you'd be back next week."

So that night I took train for Indiana, feeling that I might quarrel again with the unreasonable old man; and also having learned of several small street railways that were in excellent condition for consolidating and financing.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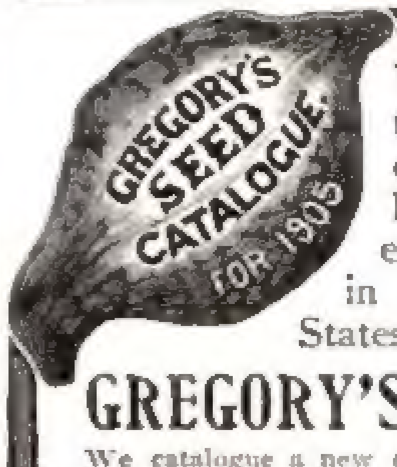

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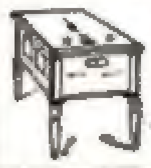

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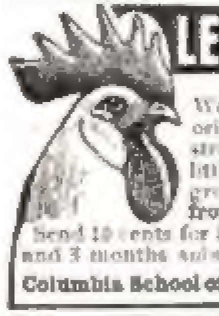

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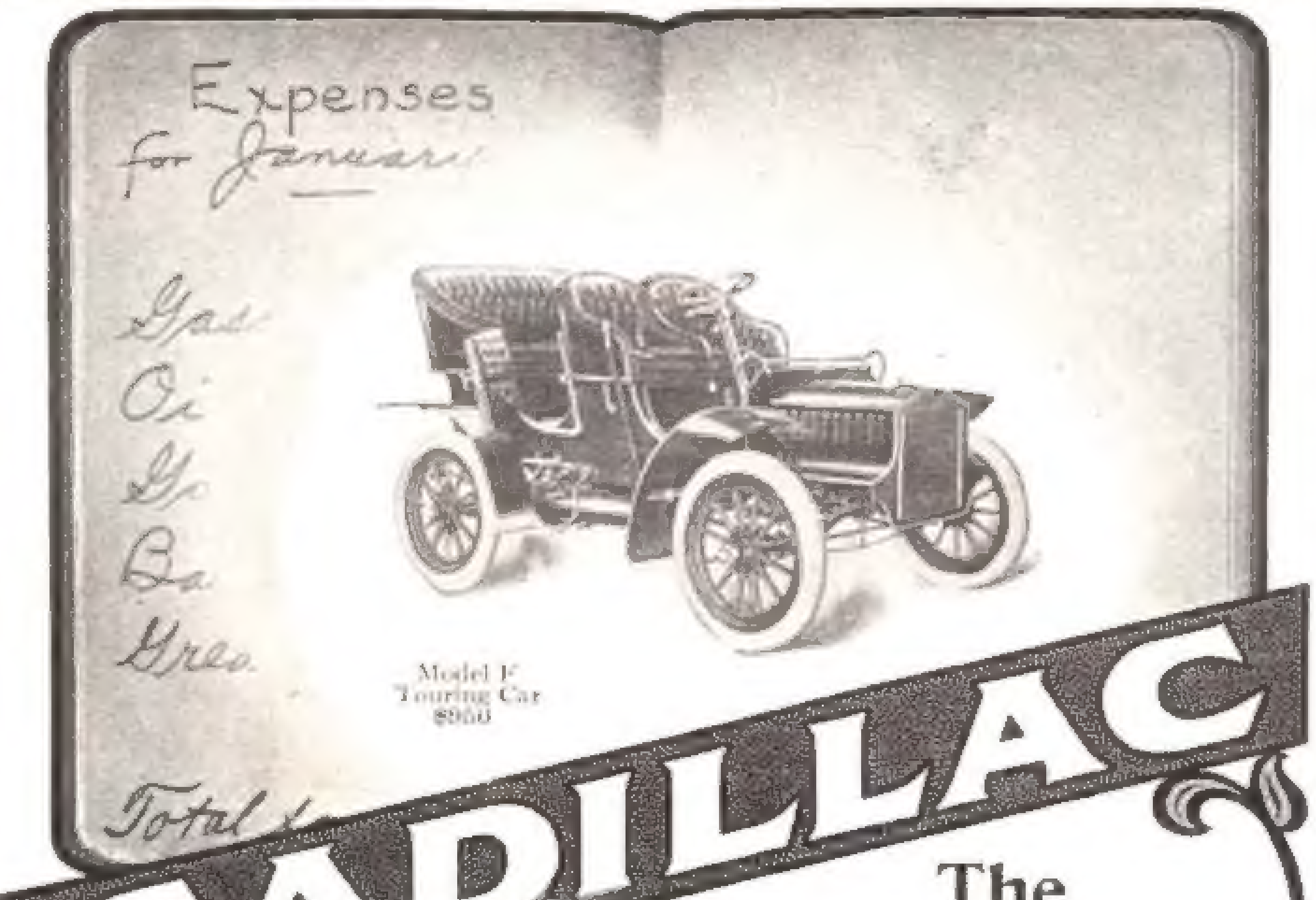

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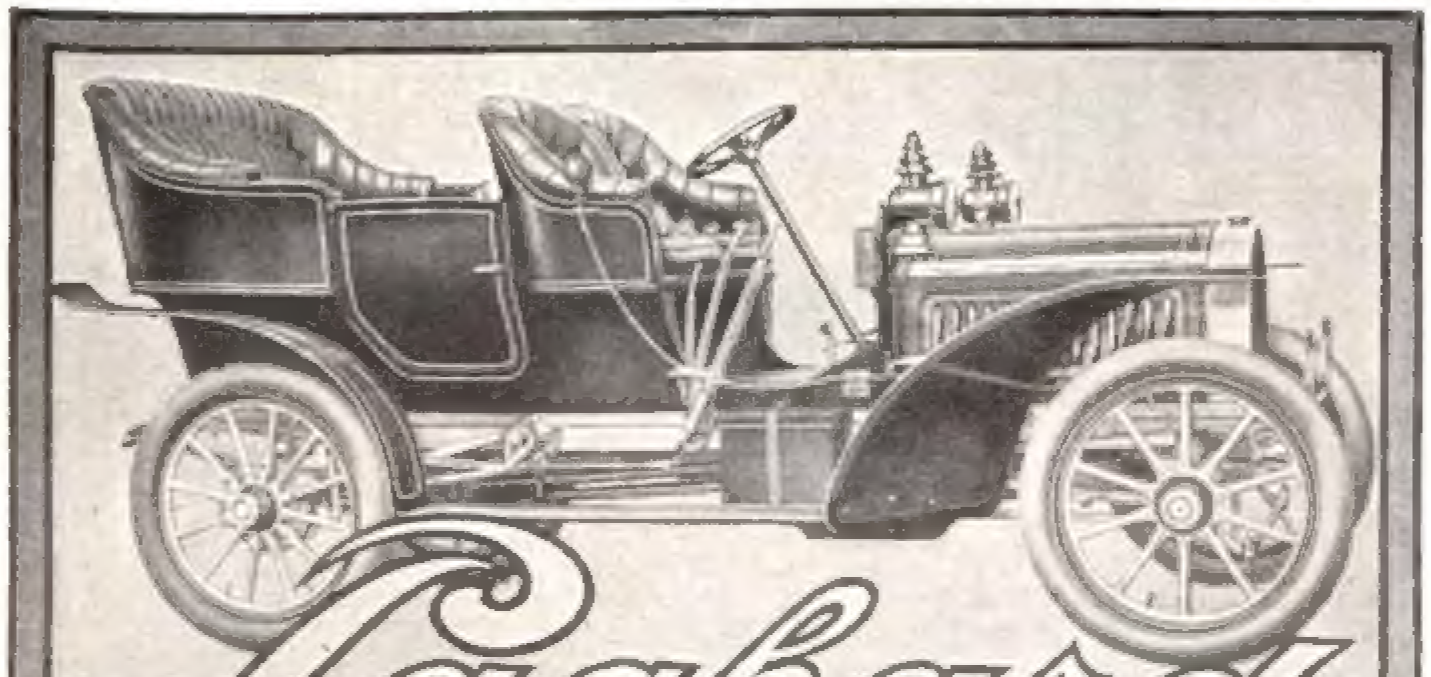

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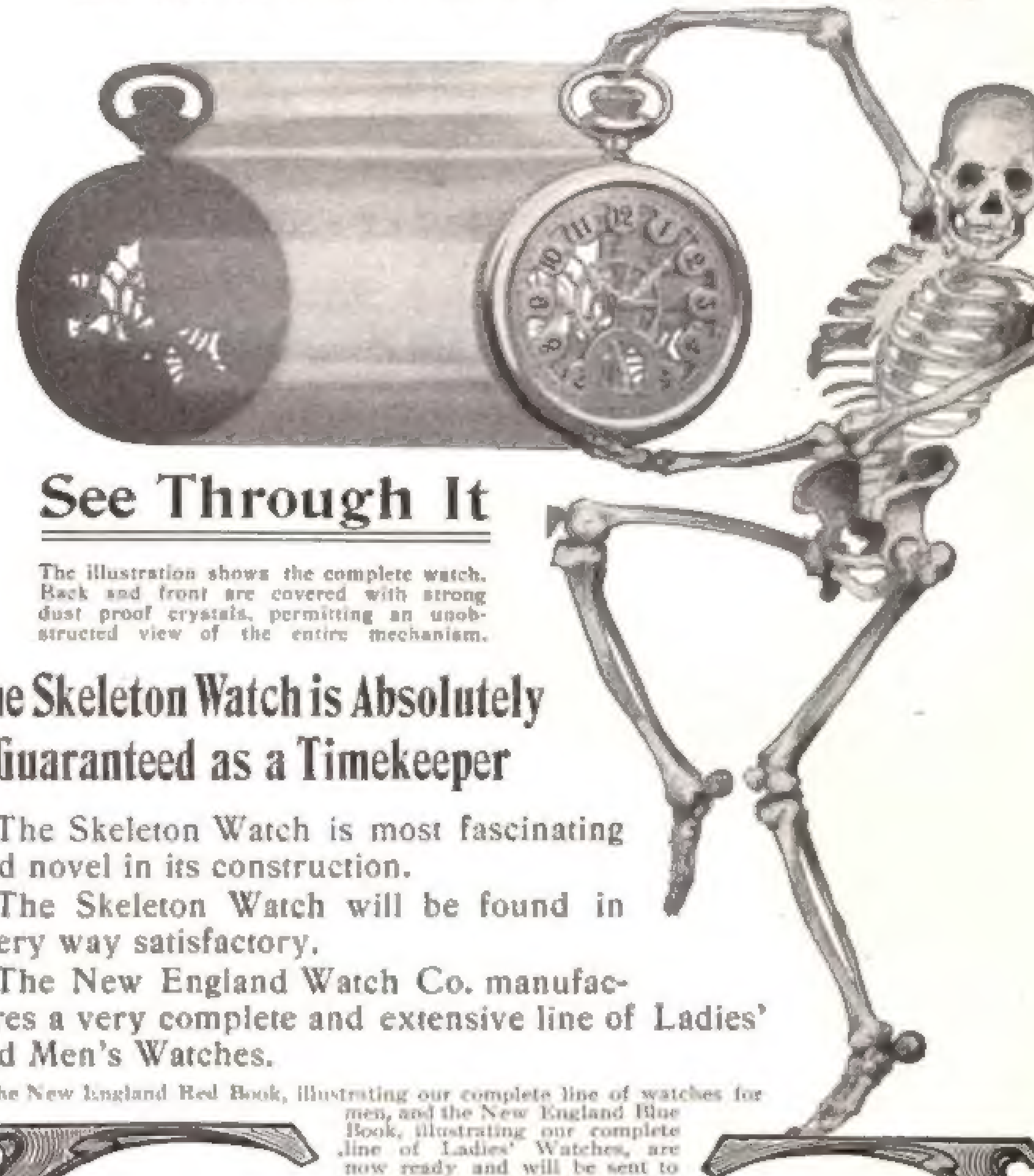

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The illustration shows the complete watch. Back and front are covered with strong dust proof crystals, permitting an unobstructed view of the entire mechanism.

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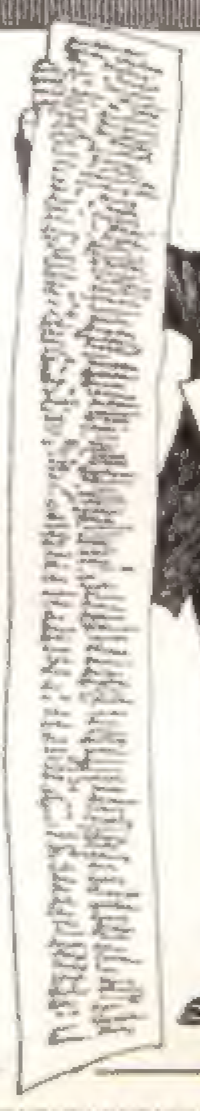

THIS is the "Champion Boy" of the State of Washington. His name is Harry Ireland. The smile on his face is due to the fact that he had in his pocket a check for $25 from THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THIS $25 is in addition to the regular commission he receives week after week for selling THE POST.

HARRY is a hustler. The long strip of paper he holds in his hand is covered with closely written signatures of people who have instructed him to deliver THE POST for four consecutive weeks.

HE PERSUADED several prominent business men to sign at the top of the sheet and their names influenced others to sign until the list became longer than he is tall.

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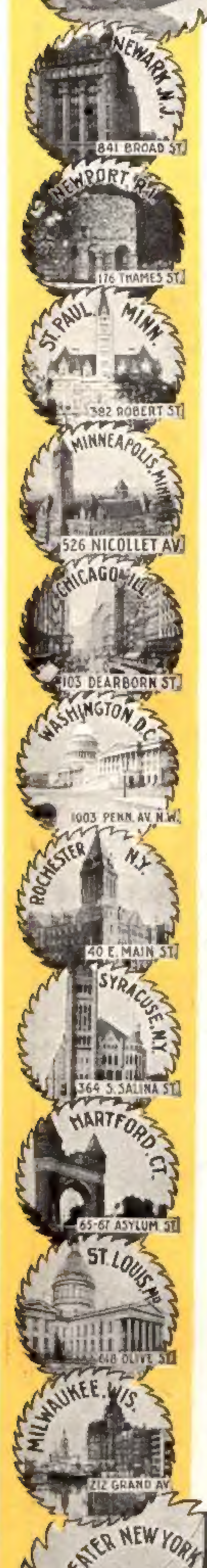
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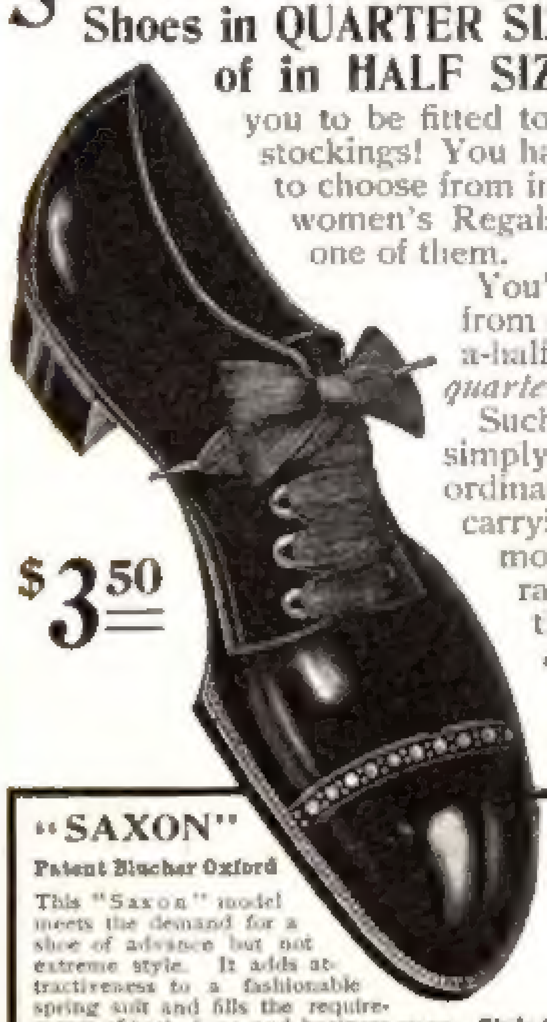
SEVENTY-FIVE new Spring Regal Shoes in QUARTER SIZES instead of in HALF SIZES!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JUST one price to think of, $3.50

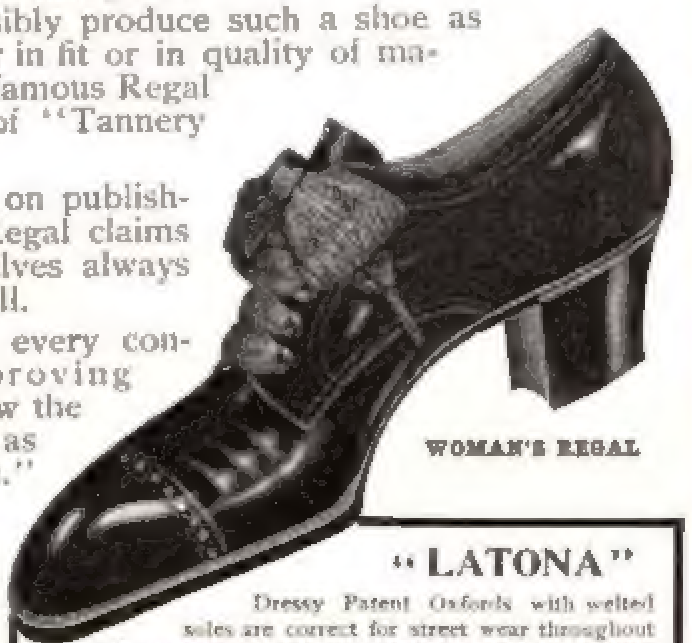
King Calf or King Kid, patent leather or enamel leather, button, blucher, lace or oxford—$3.50.

You don't have to select the style and pattern and size and shape and weight, and *then* figure on the price. Just get the shoe that suits and fits exactly, and there you are, $3.50: a "six-dollar shoe at the wholesale price."

We could not possibly produce such a shoe as the Regal—in style or in fit or in quality of material—except by the famous Regal profit-saving system of "Tannery to Consumer."

We could not keep on publishing the well-known Regal claims unless we held ourselves always ready to *prove* them all.

We have adopted every conceivable means of proving them—and that is how the Regal became known as "the shoe that proves."


WOMAN'S REGAL

"SAXON"

MAN'S REGAL

Patent Blucher Oxford

This "Saxon" model meets the demand for a shoe of advance but not extreme style. It adds attractiveness to a fashionable spring suit and fills the requirements of both dress and business wear. **Style 9 K2** — As illustrated, oxford, blucher cut, lace style, made of imported patent leather. **Style 9 K3** — As illustrated, oxford, made of heavy enamel leather, invisible eyelets.

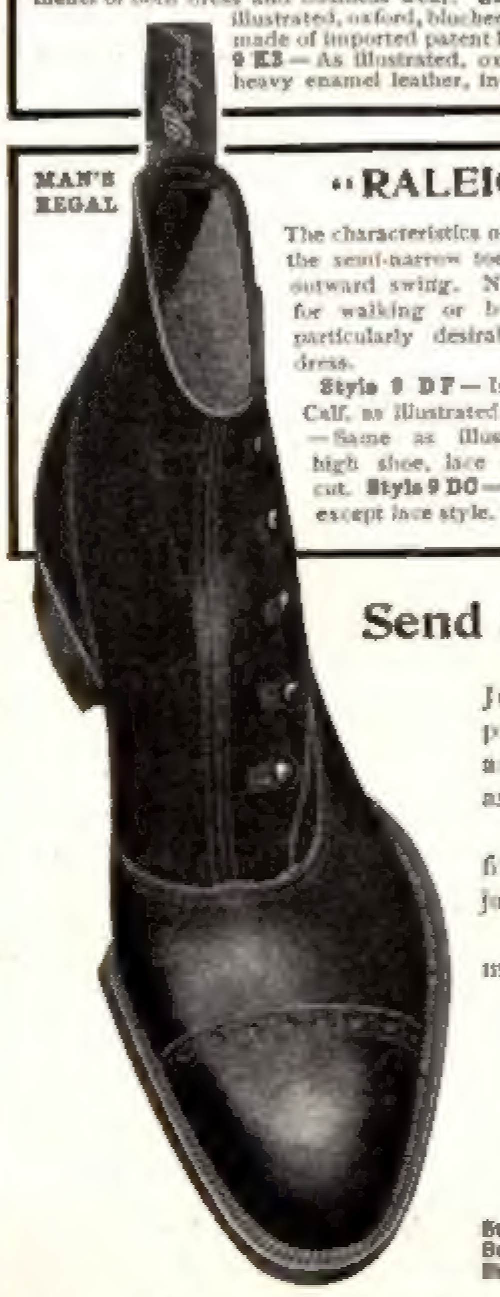
The *oak-tanned soles* you can see for yourself by turning back the "Window of the Sole" attached to the bottom of every Regal shoe—a proof *before* you buy and a proof of better leather than you could ever get in a $3.50 shoe except by our direct "Tannery to Consumer" system.

The *whole vamps* have been shown hundreds of times by the famous buzz-saw in Regal store windows—as well as the solid sole-leather insoles, the sole-leather heel-stiffenings and toe-boxes and all the unmistakable evidences of good old-fashioned bench-work.

Your $3.50 actually buys more shoe quality of every kind than $5 will buy anywhere else!

"LATONA"

Dressy Patent Oxfords with welted soles are correct for street wear throughout the entire Spring season. This model is one of the most approved styles. **Style 9 FE** — As illustrated; oxford, blucher cut, made of imported patent leather; welted sole, Cuban heel. **Style 9 FF** — Same, except made of black King Calf. **Style 9 FG** — Same, except made of medium-weight King Kid.

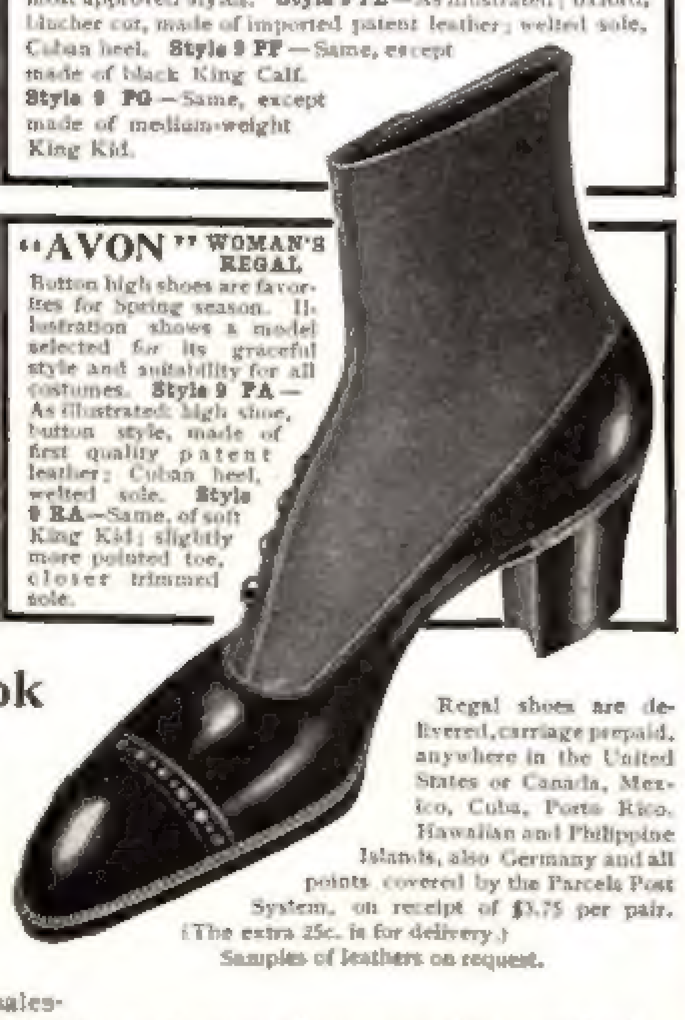


"RALEIGH"

MAN'S REGAL

The characteristics of this shoe are the semi-narrow toe and graceful outward swing. Not exclusively for walking or business suits; particularly desirable for semi-dress.

Style 9 DF — In black King Calf, as illustrated. **Style 9 DA** — Same as illustrated except high shoe, lace style, blucher cut. **Style 9 DC** — As illustrated, except lace style.



"AVON" WOMAN'S REGAL

Button high shoes are favorites for Spring season. Illustration shows a model selected for its graceful style and suitability for all costumes. **Style 9 FA** — As illustrated: high shoe, button style, made of first quality patent leather; Cuban heel, welted sole. **Style 9 RA** — Same, of soft King Kid; slightly more pointed toe, closer trimmed sole.

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